

disorder



november 2002 • that magazine from citr 101.9 fm

john zorn artax david cross gourds + more

La Serpenta Canta

DIAMANDA GALÁS

9 November 2002

Vogue Theatre

8 pm

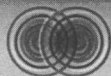
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DISCORDER

ISSUE 235 • NOVEMBER 2002 • THAT HYSTERICAL MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



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Cover

Yeah, it's pink. Pink and blue. You got a problem with that? Andrea Nunes made it and she drew it all pretty, so if you have a problem with that then you just come on over and we'll show you some more of her artwork until you agree that it kicks ass, sucka.

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SONAR

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Events at a glance:

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 6

DJ BABY YU (TORONTO) @ GRANDE

GMAN & RIZK present the longest running urban night in the city. This edition featuring DJ Baby Yu who has taken what was once a simple love, to another level as he succeeds in bringing music to the masses. Technically perfect, musically sound, and octaves in key, Baby Yu sets out on his journey to show the world how he likes his music to be heard. Sponsored by Digit Urban Hookups! Doors 9pm/Cover \$7

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 7

DIESELBOY (Human/PanoftheDrems - PHILLY) w/ MC J-MESSINIAN (PHILLY)

Called "The most in-demand American drum'n'bass DJ on the planet" by DJ Times, Dieselboy's machine-like mixing skills and furious sets have launched him atop the world-wide drum'n'bass frenzy alongside UK legends, Goldie and Aphrodite. His "6th Session" is the best selling drum'n'bass mix CD in the history of electronic music, and as mastermind behind "The Planet of the Drums" tour, he has further revolutionized and pushed American d'n'b to a new level. Presented by PH1.ca Doors 9pm/\$15 Advance. Tickets at Futuristic Flavour, Boomtown, Bassix, Zulu, Sonar (no s/c)

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 8

DIRTY DEEDS

Party rockin' resident DJs VINYL RITCHIE & CZECH go head-to-head every Friday on 4 decks! ASS KICKIN' JAMS all night long!! Pop off with FRANK LOGIK in the main room. Head upstairs for some of the baddest hip hop classics in Room 2! "Done Dirt Cheap" by CIRCA FOOTWEAR and FWUH. Doors 9pm/Cover \$8

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 9

INSIDE

Brought to you by SONAR & HOUSE OF VENUS, this is hands-down, the best house night in the city. Resident DJs DICKEY DDO & TODD OMOTANI in the main room keeping it bumpin' and then some. PLAN B upstairs with CLARENCE & JHS SOUL/JAZZ CREW. FRANK LOGIK starts it off at 9pm. Hosted by the lovely Venus Girls, COTTON & JOVAINKA. Arrive early to avoid the line-up. Doors 9pm/Cover \$10

SUNDAY TWO BLACK TOW STRONG TOUR FEATURING DJ HEATHER & MARK GRANT

TNA & NORDIC TRAX present this year's Remembrance Day Special - we're going right 'til 2:00a.m.! Vancouver favorites - DJ Heather and Mark Grant have both rocked Sonar on their last visits and they are now combining forces to take it to the proverbial next level. These two legendary Chicago denizens are returning to heat up the floor for another chunky season. It's the long-weekend party you won't want to miss! Doors 9pm/\$10 Advance for the first 200 tickets available at Boomtown, Bassix, Futuristic Flavour, BeatStreet & Sonar (no s/c)

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 12

DJ C1 (INTEC/ZOZAN) @ TACTICAL

PH1 presents another legend. Head of the World's #1 Techno label and Carl Cox's partner rocks Tactical at this special edition. Get ready for a Funky Tribal House adventure by London's finest. A spellbinding ability to put together house, techno, latin and more than sets him apart. 1999 saw DJ C1 teaming up with legend CARL COX to form the powerhouse label that INTEC has become. Also featuring local favorites, CZECH & TY. A PH1 presentation. check www.intecrecords.com and www.ph1.ca for more info. Doors 9:30pm/\$10 Advance tickets available at Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, and Zulu.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 13

PRIME COLLECTIVE 3 YEAR ANNIVERSARY KICK OFF PARTY

OFFICIAL MISS JADE ALBUM RELEASE PARTY

Vanity's Prime Collective DJ crew get down and collabo with GMAN & RIZK to kick-off their 3 year anniversary extravaganza. Nothing but the club bangers as Prime Collective's best DJ duo the "Good Fellaz" are known for their consistency to rock the party again and again. Hip Hop, R&B, and Old school with a touch of reggae, they set it off with DJ Smooth and DJ Friction working the crowd. Also the Prime Collective Heavyweights will be in full effect. DJ Arems, Akshun, Juiceman, and Tanner. RIZK & guests up in Room 2. Look out for prizes all night long also from Universal artist Miss Jade as we celebrate her new CD. Doors 9pm/Cover \$7/All students free before 11pm.

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 14

KID KOALA

BURTON & ZUERILLIA present our hometown hero. It's been well over three years since he's played at Sonar, and although he is no stranger to Vancouver we haven't seen him for some time. Koala has been busy working on music and touring with Deltron 3000, Gonilaz, Lovage and Bullroq. Plus warm up good times from Dana D, Hedapin and Needle Kinell on the 1 and 2's. Doors 9pm/\$17 Advance tickets available at Zulu, Beat Street, Boomtown, Bassix, Vinyl, Scratch, Futuristic Flavour & Sonar (no s/c)

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 21

FREESTYLERS @ LIME

As the name would suggest, they bend and break all classes of genres and come hard with their very own sound. Break, Beat Drum and Bass, Dance Hall, House, Electro, Hip-Hop, Reggae...they're masters and they do it all. Expect this night to be full of infectious grooves that'll without a doubt set off the dance floor like few acts are capable of. Check out www.mammoth.go.com/freestylers/ for more info. Doors 9:30pm/Ticket info TBA

coming soon...

THURSDAY December 05 - CHRISTOPHER LAWRENCE

SUNDAY December 07 - FRED EVERYTHING

THURSDAY December 17 - MARK FARINA

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Is that it? Can we go sleep now?

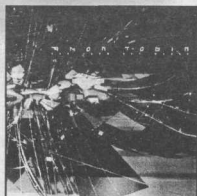
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that's zentertainment! it's ninja tune month at zulu records

AMON TOBIN Out From Out Where

The master is back with another landmark album of dark breakbeats / drum 'n' bass and instrumental mayhem. Free autographed poster with purchase, while supplies last!

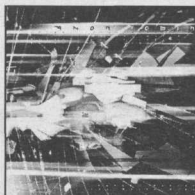
CD / 2LP \$16.98



AMON TOBIN Verbal

The 5-track CDEP for the first single from *Out From Out Where* contains 3 terrific, exclusive, non-album tracks, plus an instrumental version of "Verbal". The 4-track 12" features an acapella version of the single.

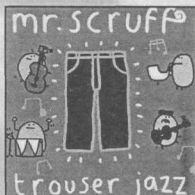
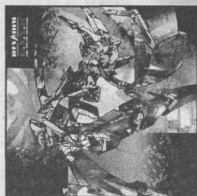
CDEP \$8.98 / 12" \$9.98



DJ VADIM U.S.S.R.: The Art Of Listening

Everyone's favourite Russian hip-hop DJ raises his game on his third album. Guests include Blackalicious' Gift Of Gab, Masters Of Illusion's Motion Man, Gorillaz' Phi Life Cypher, and Super Furry Animals' Gruff.

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MR. SCRUFF Trouser Jazz

The much-anticipated second *Ninja Tune* album from Britain's finest open-minded DJ follows 1999's *Keep It Unreal*, and the delicious club hit, "Get A Move On" (currently blasting out of TV sets as the music in Lincoln automobile ads). Free jigsaw with purchase, while supplies last!

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BLOW YOUR HED PHONES: SOME OF THE OTHER NINJA TITLES ON SALE THIS MONTH!

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Various - NINJA CUTS 3: FunKunFusion 2CD \$20.98 / 3LP \$22.98
Various - SOLESIDES' GREATEST BUMPS 2CD \$16.98
Various - XEN CUTS 3CD \$22.98 / 4LP \$32.98

Various EXTRA YARD

Showcasing the Big Dada roster and its spearheading of the dancehall / hip-hop / soul hybrid movement called "Bouncment" in the UK, *Extra Yard* features Roots Manuva, New Flesh, Ty, Gamma, and other leaders in the scene.

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THE HERBALISER Something Wicked This Way Comes

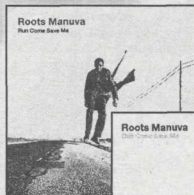
Something musically wicked this way comes in the form of beat heavy hip-hop blended with soundtrack-inspired instrumentals and sublime samples.

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Fri Nov 8 from the Fast Folk Underground... **Eugene Ripper** w/ guest
Sat Nov 9 formerly known as Deadman... the minimalist blues of **Blind God**
Tue Nov 12 **Ev'rybody Wants To Be A Cat**
Wed Nov 13 from the Hidden Cameras... **Joel Gibb** w/ guest
Thur Nov 14 **Robyn Carrigan & Heather Griffin**... together at last! Country harmonies to die for
Fri Nov 15 **Aaron Booth** (Snailhouse) w/ **Dave Gowans** (Buttless Chaps)
Sat Nov 16 always a great show, countrypunk chanteuse... **Carolyn Mark**
Thur Nov 21 original sheet metal country w/ **The Circus in Flames Trio**
Fri Nov 22 sheer class for the lounge lizard in everyone... **The Colorifics**
Sat Nov 23 from Portland, Oregon... **Late Tuesday** w/ guest popsters... **Conrad**
Thur Nov 28 funky, ambient soul w/ **Antoine Baby Harry Calaway**
Fri Nov 29 naughty country harmonies w/ **Daisy Duke** w/ Whitehorse songstress... **Ann Louise Genest**
Sat Nov 30 a triple bill of thinking person's pop w/ **Kris Demeanor**, **Chantal Vitalis** & **Matt Allen**
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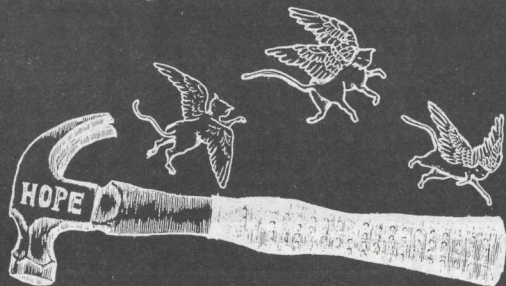
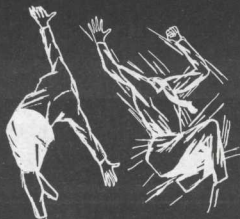
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music sucks

editorializing by Chris Eng

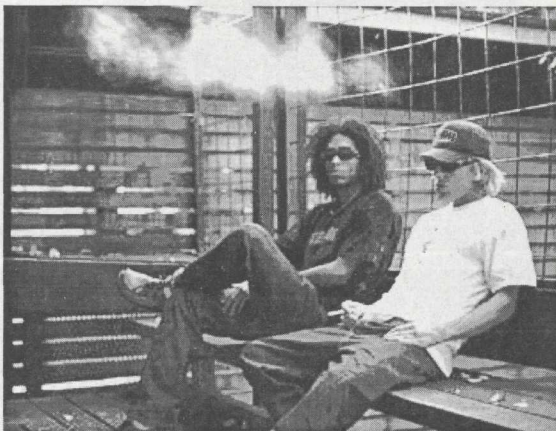


It's an exciting time to live in Vancouver. Screw the new rock of the Spitfires and the Black Halos—that's last year. Now we've got the global community giving their attention to Terminal City as the nation's alternative hip hop culture relocates itself here (see "Vancouver Hip Hop Migration" elsewhere in this issue) and Battleaxe Records wins Junos. Headly times and while we can afford to feel a little smug, we can't become complacent. We have to be

fo' Vie En Rose and I need a Grande Mocha Frappuccino. The posse gets to hook up at Milestones for bellinis later, too. Peace an' I'm out." Geek-1, cools out at the NE Starbucks at Robson and Thurlow, but the rest of my homiez represent for the SW Starbucks. SWeatshot Bros been up in that shit since Day One and while we've got respect for Geek-1, if it came down to him or our cappuccino, well, ain't no mutahfuckin' choice, you know? He's the

Oh yeah, that I try not to even mention Robson Street; it dissolves whatever sad bit of cred I might actually have.

In other news, would anyone like to tell me what's up with that new Shania Twain song, "I'm Gonna Getcha Good!"? Okay—"You're a fine piece of real estate, and I'm gonna get me some land?" What? I've heard more sincere love overtures in a fucking Judas Priest song. If my girlfriend started crooning, "I'm your turbo-lover/Better



careful that the image we're sending out to Canada at large is not only accurate, but will bring others here and revitalize the areas of the city that are in dire need of an economic revitalization. This is why I was happy to see Swollen Members mentioning Vancouver on their video for "Steppin' Thru" the other day.

"New York to London/Yonge to Robson/We get the job done."

All I have to say is, "Frizzo, yo." I don't know how many times I been chillen wit' my homiez and I say, "Shit, dawgs, we most definitely gotta to cruise Robson, so I can score some sizzzap at Lush. They got this sandalwood-musk blend that makes my bathroom smell mad dope, g." My boy Geek-1 knows what time it is and he rolls up next to me, 40 in hand. "Yea yea, MCE," he sez, "my biyatch got mad love

exact same. Outside the Robson, there ain't none closer, but in the 'hood business is business for him and the NExpresso Thuggs.

And that's the way it is, was and always will be. From the VPL to the 7-11, the R to the O to the B is the only life we've known. S-O sez that a coffee's a coffee and we need to increase the peace on the downlow at Thurlow because silence has it all over violence, especially with a double espresso in hand, but you tell that to someone who grew up here—someone who remembers a time before Sears, before Virgin, before Guess, even before Bollum's. The storefronts change, but our street's all we got. The NE corner may have a split-level, but it's got shit for street-seating and the rhymes that Swollen Members be kickin' ain't always pretty, but that's the way shit goes down in the V-Dot—knowhatumaysin?

Wait, what was I saying?

run for cover" at me, I'd be far more likely to drop trou and hop into the sack than if she unloaded that unmitigated electro-country pap in my direction. If she started crawling up my stairs in some skin-tight grey bodysuit singing "Round and Round" by RATT, I'd think, "Wow, she's genuine." If she clomped up my stairs barking, "So, don't try to run, honey—love can be fun/ There's no need to be alone, when you find that someone," I'd be obliged to shut the door and pretend no one was home.

Because love can't be faked and that kind of emotion can't be concocted. Shania, stick to pontificating about the previous locations of your fella's boots and leave the love songs to people who know how to write—like the Scorpions, WASP or Whitesnake. *

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over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

THE SELF INDOULGENT TAKE ON TOURISM

The question that has been bothering me for some months now is does everyone really hate a tourist? This has nothing to do with the fact that I've spent the last month in Olympia and a suburb of Halifax. No, this question has been haunting me since the summer.

Prior to the question coming up, my friend Aaron and I had been listening to Pulp's *Different Class*. We were dancing to it and singing it on the streets. We were practically parodying ourselves. We were acting like we were in a bad movie, a poorly lit one with dialogue that is too self-consciously cool.

One night, in the Sugar Refinery, we were waiting for Mimi's Ami to play when Aaron remarked that all the tourists going through the Sugar Refinery made him feel a little uncomfortable. Sure, I'd noticed the guys who looked like they had captained a high school sports team in the past. There were also the girls who looked like they stepped out of the pages of *Vogue*. These guys and girls were there for the food and drink, not the shows. I thought their pres-

engaged in one conversation or another.

The whole scene was weirdly community-like, though really, we were tourists in the Downtown Eastside. We had



simply transplanted our gathering from one neighbourhood to another. I wondered if our presence was positive, or if it was disruptive. My roommate, who grew up in Strathcona, finds it disconcerting when students from West Vancouver decide to "slum it" in her neighbourhood. So I wonder, when we enter the Downtown

And now, the book review returns to this column, which is supposed to be a book review column after all.

LYNN COADY *Saints of Big Harbour* (Doubleday Canada)

For the past month I've been in Cole Harbour, a community in the Halifax suburb Dartmouth. I've spent some time at the local library and it was there I found a copy of Lynn Coady's second novel, *Saints of Big Harbour*. Coady's book is very fitting for this month's column because she was raised in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and now resides in Vancouver (and yes, she's a graduate of the UBC Creative Writing Program, but that topic is something of a controversy—she doesn't even mention the fact in her bio—so it belongs in parentheses).

Saints of Big Harbour is an ambitious work, written from several points of view and encompassing a year (1982) in the lives of folks in the fictitious Nova Scotia towns Port Hull and Big Harbour. The protagonist is Guy Boucher, an Acadian teenager, who suffers from the oppression of a small town and a charismatic, alcoholic uncle, Isadore. The book begins in first person,

The whole scene was weirdly community-like, though really, we were tourists in the downtown eastside.

ence was amusing, but nothing more.

A little while later, I found myself standing in line to enter Pat's Pub. It was the weekend of Powell Street Festival and it so happened that Destroyer and the Battles were playing at Pat's, which is located a block from the infamous Downtown Eastside intersection Main and Hastings. As I stood in line, I overheard someone saying that they had seen a woman take a shit in front of a bus stop.

When I finally got inside, I ran into a friend who pointed out that Pat's is owned by the parents of a high school acquaintance of ours. The Battles started playing and I ran into people I never thought I'd see again: a girl who I'd gone drinking with when I was 17 who couldn't remember my name, a boy who made it very clear in class that he hated my short stories. When Destroyer played it seemed like the show was happening in another room. Everyone was

Eastside as a group, are we the gentrifying force we so abhor? Or are we just trying to break down the barriers between neighbourhoods and address the class divide that most Vancouverites pretend does not exist?

I'm not sure what the answers are, but we've got to ask the questions. Otherwise we're no better than people who complain about pan-handlers. (Incidentally, the Vancouver International Film Festival reports that there number of guests had remarked that it seemed like there were more homeless people on the streets this year than in past years. Is it coincidence that this comes after the government slashed welfare and cut other social programs? While I'm on a tangent, please see Nettie Wild's documentary *Fix the Addicted City*. It's about the struggle to end the American-style war on drugs and start implementing harm reduction strategies in Vancouver.)

from Guy's perspective, but opens up into a narrative that includes the third person viewpoints of a number of the people in the Port Hull and Big Harbour communities. Coady's book successfully dissects the way relationships play out in enclosed communities where everyone knows everyone else's business. She is able to jump from the perspective of the town beauty to that of her fat-and-therefore-invisible best friend in the space of a big, yet continue to hit the tone of each character with remarkable precision. Coady documents the insecurities of every character—from the town's golden boys to its draft dodging, alcoholic English teacher—with a sly sense of humour and a gentle touch. The book isn't a whirlwind tour through small town life: it is a more intimate look at the interconnected nature of the people in a community, how they live, love and survive—themselves and each other.

"David Yonge is the vaudevillian of the art world...it seems that whatever he creates, constructs or finds becomes set and props for a methodical rampage of actions under various aliases."

Penelope Mulligan, *Discorder*

"David Yonge's courage as a performance artist is remarkable...rigorously theoretical, Yonge is daring to go where few artists do these days, reminding us of the brutal underpinning and physical risks characteristic of the Vienna Aktionistes."

Michael Scott, *The Vancouver Sun*

hHEAD

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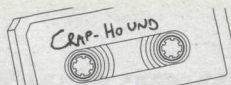
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riff raff



by Bryce Dunn

All that vinyl hugging last month has cramped my hands and left square indentations on my chest—but such a good idea after all—but I still managed to squeeze some 'good good lovin' outta this latest batch. Speakin' of, **THE FLAKES** deliver a frantic version of that **James Brown** classic on their latest. They've got two out so far, but this is a first for the fans on the other side of the Atlantic. An uber-group of sorts, featuring the multi-talented Russell Quan pounding the skins with one



of several groups he sneaks his way into—I swear the man is trying to set some kind of Guinness Book record for most bands played in—it's a sweaty, manic, garage ROCK record with just enough oomph to get you out on the dance floor. The other track, "Jerk Store" relies on a more **Paul Revere** and **The Raiders**-style pounding backbeat, but is no less fierce, thanks also to some sweet guitar dueling that punches the chorus and spits up blood. You'll pay a bit more for this at yer local wax shop, but it's worth it. (Screaming Apple Records, Dustemichstr. 14 50939 Köln Germany or check out their website: www.screaming-apple-records.de)

MAXIMUM ROCK AND ROLL are five mean-lookin' mofos from the T-dot (not to be confused with **THE PUNK ROCK BIBLE** of the same name), and their debut is a double-fisted, barn-burnin', full throttle mess o' trouble that garners comparisons to early **Zeke**, **The Hummers**, Canadian cousins **The Red Hot Lovers**, or our very own **Spitfires**. Bonus French lyrics are included on the track "Switchblade" so as not to exclude their francophone fans and volat. Une disque magnifique! (Box P62-275 King St. East, Toronto, ON M5A 1K2)

A blast from the Canadian past revisited, reissued, and a heck of a lot cheaper (for those of us not scouring the dreadful eBay collector scum tunnels), is **GENTLEMEN OF HORROR**. The group which probably shared equal billing

with other Vancouver notable punk predecessors like **The Stiffs** and **The Puries** back in the day released a five song EP of unabashedly scrappy, sometimes out of tune, yet altogether fun music in under ten minutes. Catch up with a cool piece of punk history—check it out. (Dionysus Records, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

What's not always fun is getting your eye poked out by a scalpel—didn't you kids in **THE DISTRACTION** learn anything last time? Obviously not, since each member of the band sports a sharp blade dangerously dangling within eyeball's reach. Thankfully the only person that receives any serious injury out of this is yours truly from pogging frantically and suffering from sore feet whilst blaring the two tracks "Transmission Ignition" and "Nothin' To Me," a pair of snarling, **Sex Pistols**-meets-**The Stitches** punk riffage. A full length is coming down the pipe as we speak, so if you dig that, make sure to wear solid footwear and thick glasses and you'll be ready for the "Beach Brat Sound" (try trade marking that, why don'tcha?) of **The Distraction**. (Pelado Records, 521 W. Wilson #C103, Costa

Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111)

Those wacky kids at Gold Standard Laboratories are at it again, this time with **ARMATRON**, **The Locust's** sludge-ier cousins. Spanning five songs of electro-gloom that resemble a fight between **Servotron** and **The Melvins**, my favourite cut is "Tallest Mics In The World," where they scream the name of the song over and over again while playing at a hundred miles an hour. You so crazy! (GSL, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA 92177)

And finally, sometimes it pays not to judge a book by its cover as was the case with **YOUNG HEART ATTACK**. Looking at the sleeve with its cutesy animal drawings, I had written this off as a wimpy indie-pop act (not that there isn't a time and place for wimpy indie-pop, just not now in this sentence), but instead was pleasantly surprised by its **AC/DC** marriage to **The Headcoates** rock and roll. The singer has the Bon Scott vocals down, and the guitars are nice and loud and choppy, but then the girl-gang back-ups kick in—like on the song "Mouthful Of Love"—and I'm reminded of the lasses from



Mesa, CA 92627)

If you're a glutton for punishment you may need extra strength relief after listening to **THE EPOKIES** newest effort—it's a synth-pop headache worth inducing. "Synthesized" rides a great keyboard melody and some smooth-like-butter vocal delivery from singer **Roxy Epoxy**: "Clones (We're All)," is an Alice Cooper cover done faithfully and with...rotomst! (Dirtnap Records, PO

London. Which is also where this record is from, see? (Rex Records, PO Box 23084, London UK W11 2YW)

That's it—send your Christmas goodies (that means 7's, dummy) for review next month care of this column and this fine rag—I'll be waitin'!

radio free press

zines, etc. by Bleek

I'm still wading through a stack of California zines from last month. My friend Dave went to the San Francisco zine fest and picked up another wave of zines for me to look at. I'll never see daylight again.

Remember Lisa (Suckdog) Carver's *Rollerderby zine*? This is one of America's funniest, most shocking and plainly disgusting things in printed form from the last couple decades. Not that it's grosser than say, *Answer Me!*, but it draws you in like a fun little girl zine and soon you're being assaulted by subversive lists of sex acts, interviews with famous misanthropes, and an underling or overt violence. If you like that sort of thing you have to check out *FLATTER!* This is a product of Lisa's friend Jaina, another postmodern woman with that bizarre fascination with pop culture combined with an unrelenting nihilism and fuck-you attitude. Picture Hello Kitty as Hannibal Lecter. For the jaded, city-dwelling, nutter *Flatter!* serves as a dialogue between everyone with at least a modest historic and cultural awareness, but a healthy dissatisfaction and contempt for everything sacred or profane. It's all up for grabs and it's genuinely funny. Write to *Flatter!* at 661 Shotwell St., San Francisco, CA 94110-2623.

Missing that cut and paste look? Tired of zines moving toward a more polished product? A Santa Cruz zine called *ZENBABY* is a hodgepodge of stolen items, collages, rants, poetry, lyrics, anarchy and the mishmash of clutter that recalls the punk zines of years ago. From reading through a lot of this (and it will take a while) I've learned that *Zenbaby* is the lovechild of a female to male tranny (a.k.a. "addictology"). This gives the zine something of a unique

perspective, or at least it should. You'd be hard-pressed to find the difference between it and other punk-lit zines till you read the editorials. A column that reprints a chat-room conversation shows the ignorance of an "open-minded" male and the assumptions he makes about transsexuals. These topics, with the added punk perspective, are rarely visited in publications. Find out more by writing to PO Box 1611, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

Just who is Mr. AKA? He sent me three zine-like things in the mail (or was it a dream?), and these three really break the mold. Often I'm not so fond of this sort of minimalism which wraps itself in high art poetry by printing one confounding sentence on one otherwise blank page. You know, it's like the easy joke for the comedian, the cock joke. Always sure to make an impact and cause a stir. So lately I look through a shit-load of fucking poetry zines which employ tiny words of nothingness on a big blank page and immediately they're hoisted to the realms of high art. But no, these zines are not necessarily all about this phenomenon. Take the example of the *ELIJAH WOOD* zine, that's right, the elfin actor from *Lord of the Rings*. While it has the anally-retentive attention to detail usually found in the "fan" zine, there's a kind of fictional stalker aspect to it, including fantasy interviews with Wood and a "Girl" or "Man with script idea" and "Mom." I didn't think I would like this thing, but it sure won me over. It's original and almost disturbing. But there's more, of course.

PEEP THE VISION, another zine in the package, is pure Breton-era-surrealist dreamscape, including TV interviewers dropping out of the screen

and space aliens conversing with the editor. The last zine, *JIBBER JABBER*, is at least three times as thick as the others and continues down paths of what might be taken for mental illness. Is it nightmare sequences in a paragraph per page, or is it stream-of-consciousness creative claptrap concerning green bugs? I don't know. I'm a visual artist: I kind of like a beginning and an end. I admit that I like my surrealism in pictures and sounds and I'm not so good with the written version. If you are you can contact Mr. AKA at brownblobbloob d@yahoo.com.

The long-running comic zine *BABYDUE* continues its long journey across the underbelly of the underground. There's something to be said about staying with the same basic format for many years because when you see *Babydue* you always know what it is and what you're in for. Nearly every cover is a different version of the original and the comics never change much either. *Baby Due* always looks the same although she has different ways of being cruelly funny each strip. Cruelty is a major component of *Babydue's* social commentary and they love to poke at you till you say uncle. Lots of it speaks of mere undisciplined punk rock and all, but other times it challenges what we consider "beyond good taste," as in the ongoing "Black Ladies" strip. I mean, what is it? It's a jab at political correctness and it's offensively racist. By taking a bad stereotype to a ridiculous exaggeration are we fighting it or succumbing to some philosophy of "no message, no future, no solution, no hope, no worries?" I don't know, I'm just too old-school liberal for these times. *Babydue* is \$3.50 from PO Box 33369, Decatur, GA 30033.

road worn and weary

Tour Diaries

THE TENNESSEE TWIN TOUR DIARY HIGHLIGHTS AND LOWLIGHTS: MINI-CANADIAN TOUR, SUMMER 2002

Major Players

Cindy Wolfe: band leader, vocals, mandolin, tambourine, lemon shaker.
Sarah Wheeler: drums, vocals, whistle.
Monica Chattaway: fiddle, vocals.
Nen Jellic: electric guitar.
Neil Walker: the roadie.

Every year the City of Vancouver shuts down the Vancouver Public Library for the entire week before Labour Day to "save" money. Being VPL employees (except Sarah) stuffed out of work, we decided it was a good week to tour what we could of Canada. Here is our story.

DAY 1, Wednesday, August 28: Vancouver to Calgary

We leave Vancouver at 5:30AM, girls in the rental mini-van, boys in Nen's vehicle distinguishable by a ratty Canadian flag flapping from its antenna. After not so many miles, we stop for breakfast in Hope at a family-style restaurant. Sarah immediately spills her orange juice all over the table and her crotch. Although irritating many, Monica's exceedingly high decibel level manages to attract some cute city workers in red jumpsuits. Before leaving, we bicker over our first bill.

DAY 2, Thursday, August 29: Calgary to Canmore

At the Canmore Hotel, where we are to stay and play, everyone gets their own room. Cindy snags the only room with its own bathroom and TV, thus dubbed "the party room." We are charmed and immediately bond. Super cool bartender Desi feeds us lots of fine beer all night long. A very drunk Canmore Hotel employee, Linda, informs us that she is "the crazy spoon lady" who will play during both bands' sets. The bar fills with an odd assortment of frat/sorority types and trashy aggressive locals who'd rather hear some rock. Monica tries to oblige by screaming "I Wanna Be Your Dog." During our set, we are oblivious to continuously hurled epithets, such as, "show us your tits!"

DAY 3, Friday, August 30: Canmore to Edmonton

Very early in the morning, Buttless Chap Morgan knocks on "the party room" door to retrieve his shoes. Cindy wakes

up scared, not knowing where she is or who's knocking.

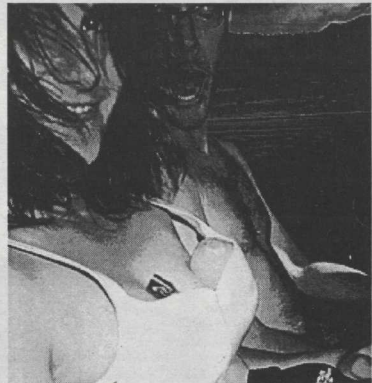
We collect "I'll smoky" in Calgary and caravan slowly and carefully to Edmonton. Nen and Neil are probably hung over. Cindy is surely hung over. After arriving at The Rev Cabaret, we eventually discover that our promoter has called in sick. We are forced to play early and don't succeed in getting sufficiently fed. No one wants to party with us. We sell no merch.

DAY 4, Saturday, August 31: Edmonton to Saskatoon
Somehow and sometime very early in the morning, Monica

ever again after she plays The Louvin Brothers' *Satan Is Real* album. Some are shocked to learn of the age-old driving rule which dictates that the driver chooses the music.

Back in Edmonton, Nen's parents decide to host a BBQ for us. We all gleefully stuff our faces, some with big steaks. Nen's mom finds places for us all to sleep at the expense of those who live in the house. She even provides us with fresh pajamas.

DAY 6, Monday, September 2: Edmonton to Vancouver
Alarm clocks wake us up very early. We find Nen and his dad



Cindy and Neil get naked on the road

purchases a hideous moose baseball cap. We leave "I'll smoky" with Nen's parents in Edmonton, and Neil commandeers the rental eastward. Back on the highway, Nen tickles Neil while he's driving and we career toward a truck in the next lane, narrowly escaping death. A rare quiet moment ensues.

At Amigos in Saskatoon, our promoter, Brandt, is very sweet and takes good care of us. Even the vegetarians are well fed, and we get to stay in a cool old hotel called The Senator. Cindy is banished to the small, cold, haunted room while everyone else shares "the party room."

DAY 5, Sunday, September 1: Saskatoon to Edmonton

In the morning we locate a vegetarian and otherwise friendly breakfast joint. Unfortunately, the rest of charming Saskatoon appears to close on Sundays. Everyone tries desperately to prevent Cindy from driving

crashed out in front of the TV. How cute. After eating cereal, Nen's sweet mom gives us each a little parting gift. Leaving Nen and "I'll smoky" behind, we depart Edmonton by 7:30AM.

After hours of smooth sailing, we encounter a line-up at the Coquiquala tollbooth. After eating all the stray snacks in the car and a brief argument over who will eat whom, we discover a small opening in the highway median near us. We decide to take this opening, turn around, go back to Merritt, and take the Highway 3 detour toward Vancouver. At dusk, Cindy is finally elected to drive. Complete darkness, torrents of rain, hairpin curves, and an excess of backseat driving make this task extraordinarily difficult. But we do survive, arriving back home in Vancouver by midnight. We all have to work the next day. We kiss goodbye and secretly hope not to see each other for awhile.



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fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

A super secret top confidential hidden underground source that shall remain unnamed—okay, okay if you have to know, it was my good buddy Justin Gimelstob, pro tennis player, currently ranked 130th in the world who, since turning pro in 1996, has a total of \$1,488,938.00 in career earnings, and who, truth be told, even if he is my GOOD BUDDY, isn't much of a tennis player—told me what METAL MIKE EATS FOR BREAKFAST!

I can tell you're dying to know, and I'll tell you in a minute, but first, I should just inform you, for reliability's sake, that my good buddy Justin Gimelstob is one of Metal Mike's clients. My good buddy Justin Gimelstob pays Metal Mike a percentage of his measly losing salary to do his taxes. Mr. Saunders, as he's known in the business world, is an accountant.

A few months ago, Justin Gimelstob, my good buddy, called me up and started complaining about how Metal Mike was really hard to get a hold of and how he refused to

meet him for lunch or dinner or coffee or tea. The IRS keeps a close watch on tennis players, and Justin owed them a lot of money, so he was desperate to talk to Metal Mike. Finally, he couldn't wait any longer, so he jumped in his Tahoe, drove to Metal Mike's place, and started banging on the door. It was early, and when Metal Mike answered the door he was

out of control and opened the cupboards. Inside there were boxes and boxes of MOTHER'S GROOVY GRAHAMS CEREAL. That's it. That's what Metal Mike eats for breakfast. And lunch. And dinner.

For your information: Stephen Malkmus likes to eat Chile Picante Corn Nuts to eat blazng a huge J, Chan Marshall likes to snack on celery sticks

Justin Gimelstob told me what METAL MIKE EATS FOR BREAKFAST!

wearing puffy hair and slippers. "Let's go get some breakfast," Justin had said, but Metal Mike refused. He said that he had already eaten even though it was clear that he'd just gotten out of bed. "Why don't you come in," he said. "Just let me take a whiz."

While Metal Mike was going pee (which he does while sitting down), this Justin also told me: my good buddy Justin Gimelstob went totally wild and opened the fridge. Inside there was a CARTON OF MILK. That's it. So Justin got

wrapped in lettuce to keep her from turning into a REAL fat ass, Thurston Moore snorts a litre of banana milk through one nostril, and a litre of strawberry milk through the other before he plays a show, Nelly Furtado treats herself to a couple of deep fried beef balls every once in a while, AND if you really want to know the details, Elton John and George Michael enjoy eating each other's dinks for a midnight snack! I shouldn't say that. I don't know that for sure. •

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

It is raining cold, hard, and wet, but by the time you read this we may be basking in that warm glow, faces flush with the hunt and thrill of the kill, as we bomb the living shit out of Iraq; or, as the FBI's planes circle and circle over—not only Washington, DC—but the entire country, perhaps even Canada, in that uncanny hunt for that elusive sniper in the white van. This month's column will intersperse itself between quotes and links. Insofar as it is a "column," it sediments itself and extends its tendrils past its limited graphemes in memory of one Walter Benjamin and the Arcades Project, a man suicided by society if there ever was one. I leave references to spurn further reading.

October 6th

20,000 people in Central Park gathered to protest war over Iraq (www.nyc.indymedia.org). "Not In Our Name"—and let it not be said the citizens of the West did not resist. But the question remains of the name. Where the proper name speaks—even collectively—and where the "our" voices the force of a multiplicity, there occurs the risk of effacement and erasure of the name as the State response. Not In Our Name—"Fine," says the State; "Then you are no longer With Us, but Against Us: You No Longer Have a Name." Indeed, will we see this development in positions where the debate over nomenclature, over who can claim to speak—people or State—precipitates the overt manifestation of State power over its own people—what Virilio calls "endocolonization." (See *Speed and Politics*.)

"I have such a horror that this is going to go on and on," said Mabel Dudeney, 76, a survivor of the 1940-41 Battle of Britain in which much of London was destroyed by nightly German bombing. "Russia is going to go into Georgia. China is going to attack Taiwan. Israel and the Palestinians are going to continue fighting. War settles nothing." This source said investigators questioned him extensively; and Wednesday night he confessed to making up the story.

1993: The Gulf War

"The 'reality' of 'actuality'—however individual, irreducible, stubborn, painful or tragic it may be—only reaches us through fictional devices. [The al-Qaeda terrorist network has reorganized and "intends to strike us here and overseas,"

CIA Director George Tenet told a congressional committee." The only way to analyze it is through a work of resistance, of vigilant control-interpretation, etc. Hegel was right to tell the philosophers of his time to read the newspapers. [Pollution control officer Richard Anderson shot and killed two colleagues before turning the gun on himself Tuesday after getting a letter of discipline.] Today, the same duty requires us to find out how news is made, and by whom: the daily papers, the weeklies, and the TV news as well. We need to insist on looking at them from the other end: that of the press agencies as well as that of the teleprompter. And we should never forget what this entails: whenever a journalist or a politician appears to be speaking to us directly, in our

(Gilles Deleuze, interview with Claire Parnet.) Like Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*... Today, our Schwarzkommando is the White Man. The Doctrine of the Final Zero was effective enough to convince the White Man that he too had to do it, it seemed so cool. However, the big joke was that the Schwarzkommando were joking the entire time... [and the Pentagon has authorized the use of Army surveillance and reconnaissance aircraft in the hunt for the killer.]

And There's Just Nowhere to Stay

...while, at the same time, in BC, derelict buildings rot in our downtown cores while the homeless suffer on the streets... and now that "they" (they aren't real people, real citizens, right? I mean they have no homes) have taken



homes, and looking us straight in the eye, he or she is actually reading, from a screen, at the dictation of a 'prompter', and reading a text which was produced elsewhere, on a different occasion, possibly by other people, or by a whole network of nameless writers and editors. [His unflinching message yesterday: The violent shooting deaths had nothing—repeat, nothing—to do with the government's controversial program of downsizing and massive job cuts.] - Jacques Derrida.

(What Derrida invokes at the end is that resistance is not the only instance of the multiple. Capital remains the most deterritorializing force on Earth and in Empire. This is why Deleuze and Guattari say that "it is always on the most deterritorialized element that reterritorialization takes place"—A Thousand Plateaus.)

The Doctrine of the Final Zero

"It's a little like Nietzsche said," Deleuze concludes. "An arrow is shot forth in space, so a period or a collectivity shoots an arrow, and eventually it falls, so literary creation passes through its periods of desert."

a unilateral—if not ethical, justified, and necessary—decision to occupy these buildings (Hell, not so much to occupy as to have a place to call home), the Government's move, backed by a complicit and often malicious police force, is to arrest those without homes, steal and destroy their only belongings—donated blankets—and cart them off to the Courts for daring to find a home... would we approve of this anywhere else? "Kosovo refugees without a home violently flushed from empty building." (And of course those violent Government shootings had nothing to do with layoffs—how could it? We all get the tax break, right? I mean, aren't you happy now? We'll find a reason to explain the violence—maybe call it a psychoanalyst or two, it was all a bad mother in the end, but never will we make that connection that Gee, maybe this layoff-things affects people's lives, huh...)

Until We Get Our Shit Together!

Sterling Boone The Beatup Ronin Tuesday 1:00 to 2:00 pm



Record played most often on your show:

I'd almost say Television's *Marquee Moon*, but I think it's edged out by The Dirtbombs' *Ultralight in Black*, and The Mooney Suzuki's *Electric Sweat*.

Record you would save in a fire:

Most definitely a dilemma in decision making would surface and I'd go out like a viking with the vinyl. If it came down to it though, most likely—The Rolling Stones *Aftermath*.

Record that should burn in hell:

Anything electronic can take the fast elevator down, and I f*cking hate Fleetwood Mac's *Rumors*.

Worst record that you like:

Huey Lewis and the News, *Sports*, or maybe some nostalgic run with DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince.

First record that you bought:

I can only remember some comedy records, Cosby, Richard Pryor, George Carlin and a version of the "Lion Sleeps Tonight" by some generic Disney group.

Last record you bought:

I bought both LP releases from a great garage-psych pop group called The Sights, on Fall of Rome records, and I picked up an unfortunately warped version of Bobby Womack's original soundtrack to *Across 110th Street*. Sound is still really good though.

Musician that you would most like to marry:

I'm not so certain about marriage, but I could think of a mess of things Rachael Nagy of The Detroit Cobras.

Favourite show on CTR:

Without a doubt I listen to *Third Times the Charm*, hosted by Bryce Dunn, the most frequently—his age offers a certain guru like guidance and I always cop tracks off his show.

Strangest phone call while on air:

The callers are no where near as strange as the characters that hang out here on a daily basis, so I'm still waiting for the true freak-out antagonizing caller. That number is (604) 822-2487, c'mon... I mean it. •

SHiNDig

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Semifinals

NOVEMBER 12/ROUND ONE

Human Highlight Reel
my project: blue
In Media Res

NOVEMBER 19/ROUND TWO

The Feminists
Black Rice
Subconscious Sattelite

NOVEMBER 26/ROUND THREE

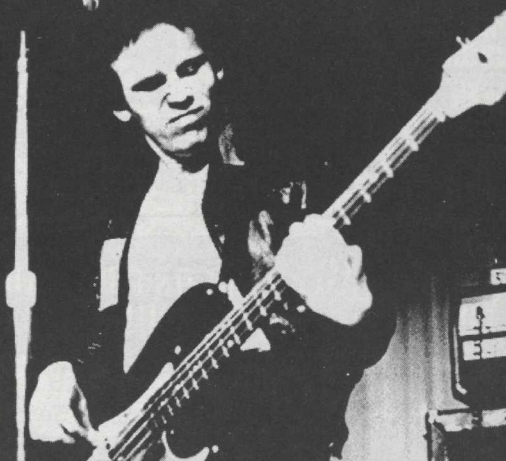
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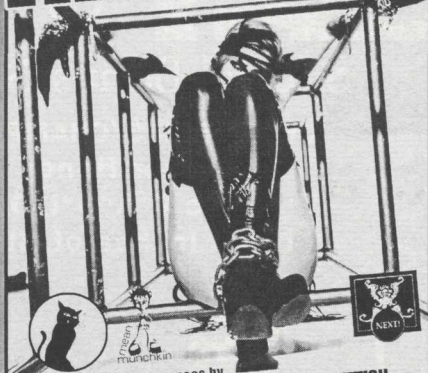
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Artax

by Natalie Vermeer

Artax is a band out of Abbotsford with no particular defining genre;—a band to which using a vague description like "punk" would be not only boring but unfair. At an Artax show, you can sing, dance and eat, and songs of apocalyptic potatoes and video game faces suck you into their whirlwind of confusion that actually makes sense. Well, maybe. If I could actually explain them any more, they wouldn't be as fun, so let's just get to the questions.

DISCORDER: Who are you, officially, and what do you do?

Julie: Julie, otherwise known as J-Dawg and I play bass.

Frank: My name's Franklin, code name Falkor... [drums]

Julie: I thought I was Falkor!

Adrian: I'm Adrian and Morla [guitar/vocals], the wise turtle in the movie. *[ed. note—They're talking about The Neverending Story. Where the hell were you in the '80s? You were the horse!]*

Julie: Artax? But that's the band! What about the bat?

Frank: You're the racing snail.

How did you guys start up and why?

Julie: Adrian and I started playing our instruments and we sucked. We needed a drummer so we could make a band.

Adrian: We were in FSR, our first band. There were 5 people in the band and the visions were so [different]. It just had too many people.

Julie: We just wanted a three piece. We decided to have some jam sessions—nothing official—but then we clicked and Artax was born.

Adrian: Our shows and practices are pure therapy—probably the main reason that we play music. It's really inconvenient to be in a band, because you have to organize every week: the jams and the shows and the promotion.

Frank: And you have to live at the same time!

Adrian: Live and go to school and work and deal with...

Frank: Ex-girlfriends!

Adrian: Well the crazy thing is, me and Julie went out for three years!

Julie: The beginning of Artax was kinda rough!

Adrian: The only thing we did together at the time was play music—we couldn't even look at each other.

Julie: We wouldn't talk to each other.

Frank: And I didn't know either one of them at the time. I was the "new guy" and in the middle, playing the drums; it was really weird. **Adrian:** I think the main thing about Artax is it's therapy...

Julie: In a good way. It's not the whole point, but it's healing.

Adrian: And it's a community—it makes life worth living.

Julie: I'd agree.

That was very nice... so why the name Artax? Is it like the horse that died in The Neverending Story or is it something more?

Julie: Well, we all really liked the movie and we wanted a one word name that people could relate to. People of our generation have all seen it.

Adrian: Yeah, we named our band after a dead horse, but it's also *The Neverending Story* and everyone can identify with it so it has different levels. It's better than an acronym. We used to be an acronym because we couldn't decide on anything.

FHS?

Adrian: See, that's what I mean, acronyms are the worst!

What did it stand for?

Julie: The first one was "Fonzle's so rad."

What do you interpret "The Nothing" to be, in the movie?

Julie: It's the loss of the fantasy, like kids not believing anymore. **Frank:** The Nothing is when we're jamming and we can't seem to get anything together.

Adrian: Yeah, no communication!

Frank: That's what The Nothing is.

Adrian: Totally! It's like musical block; writer's block, definitely.

Do you listen to any other bands with Neverending Story-inspired names like Atreyu or Falkor?

Julie: Yeah, there is that band Atreyu—I wanted to hear them but I didn't get a chance. They're like a metal band.

Adrian: We should make a compilation album!

How about if you could play a show with any band, who would it be?

Julie: I don't know, The Red Light Sting maybe.

Frank: Any band? The Police.

Julie: Dead Kennedys.

Adrian: Or d.b.s. if any of these bands existed anymore.

What's been your favorite show so far and favorite band to play with?

Julie: The Skids.

Frank: Well, let's clarify the bias here—she's going out with one of the members!

Julie: New World on Fire.

Adrian: Yeah.

Frank: At the Chilliwack [Art Centre] show, it was short but the people were into it.

Adrian: New World on Fire is crazy: the energy in the place, the people just went insane.

Julie: It was so intense.

Adrian: But now that place is shut down forever. At that Friday the 13th show—some girl went crazy and ripped down all the artwork in the art area and destroyed it all! And now there's this huge deposit and people can't put shows on there.

What do you feel about bands losing places to play in?

Frank: I think it sucks.

Julie: We've been through so many in the past year and a half—it started with the Java Joint and then the houses in Abbotsford.

Frank: I've been working on putting together a venue with a buddy of mine and it's slowly fabricating and it's gonna work out; it's gonna be swell. That's all I can release!

Adrian: It's a punk rave!

Frank: It'll probably be in some dumpster.

Adrian: You can bring glowsticks!

Julie: Yeah, definitely by early 2003, there'll be a new venue in Abbotsford!

Adrian: As long as there's a scene, you can't stop it.

Julie: It just keeps popping up everywhere. Like mushrooms!

Frank: It's like that adolescent zit on your forehead, the one that keeps popping up.

What do you hope to convey with your sounds and your lyrics?

Adrian: Music is totally organic. I don't even make it up; it just happens. The music just sort of comes out of nowhere. It just grows like a weird mold or something.

Julie: It just migrates around your face.

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Adrian: And lyrically, we have a combination of things. Some of them deal with issues, while some of them are just plain fun; our "Kuchen" is about cake! Then there are other songs that are about genetically modifying foods.

Julie: Yeah, we have this cake and everyone can lick it off his face while we play funk.

Adrian: Last show we had six people licking it off of me! Anyway... so lyrics I think, just to challenge people's perspectives in a way that's, I don't know, humorous in a way? It's just more fun that way.

Last time I saw you, you threw out your lyrics on sheets into the crowd...

Adrian: Yeah, every show we do that.

Julie: You've seen us before?

Yeah, twice. Once at the Chilliwack show and once...

Adrian: At our first show, right? [Frank] had just had a spinal tap five days before!

Frank: Yeah, five days before our first show! I started being able to walk the day before the show. I hadn't gotten out of bed for three days, so I swallowed a lot of Tylenol-3s and I felt pretty looped. Near the end of the show I guess the medication was wearing off and the pain was starting to come back in my head, and so yeah, it was bad. I paid for it, but it was fun.

Hey what about this Allen Greenspan song. When I hear that, I imagine everyone holding hands and swaying. Is that the idea?

Julie: We want them to sway!

Adrian: Yeah, totally. Hey, you know what I found out? I was always wondering where I got the inspiration for that song and really what it's from is "I am the church, you are the church, we are the church together." So I just realized that "I Am Allen Greenspan" is a church cover song!

Do you have any plans to record anything soon?

Adrian: Yes, in December we're recording a full length.

Julie: We're just totally busy with school and all...

Frank: It'll be about 10 songs.

Adrian: Lots of art and amazing amounts of written stuff. Hopefully you won't be able to close the CD; I want that much! My main thing about art is I want to know what [artists] think in a different medium. I hear their music and I try to understand it, but words are just so lacking! Almost half the albums you buy, you just get some pictures in the CD. Either they're afraid what they've said is not good enough...

Frank: Or they just don't have the money to print books like that!

Adrian: They just want to make it professional-looking, right? Well, if we have to, I'll just photocopy stuff—like the way [Frank] did his tape is brilliant!

What was your tape?

Frank: I do solo acoustic stuff—it's kinda where my heart is; I made a recording. [Check out www.franklyncurie.cjb.net]

Adrian: It's really good.

Julie: Excellent.

Is there anything you wish I'd asked, 'cause I think that's all the questions I have...

Adrian: Well, it's funny, the only thing I was preparing for this interview was "What's your deserted island CD collection?"

Julie: No, don't go there.

Adrian: That's an impossible answer.

Julie: 'Cause it changes.

Adrian: What do you think Julie? Do it now!

Julie: I wouldn't take CDs! Batteries would run out! I would take instruments...

Frank: Solar powered...

Julie: I'd rather take a hand drum, a guitar and an acoustic bass and some coconuts and make music! I'd be wearing the coconuts while I played.

(Artax rock against The Nothing at the Seylunn Hall in North Van on Saturday November 9th. See them with Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys, St. Tibs Day, and Drakes Advantage for seven lousy bucks.)

By Chris Eng

"But it's those kids' faults—they're to blame. They're to share the blame is what I'm saying. Fuck, they've gotta know. C'mon, kids are so grown up nowadays. Y'know, seriously—you don't walk into a confessional booth and see scented candles and an empty box that says 'The Violator' on it and not go, 'Huh?' I don't care if you're eight years old and innocent—figure it out!"

Oh yeah, you think you're witty. Your dad got up in your face the morning after you'd been out tossing back gin all night and screamed, "Where the hell have you been? Are you drunk?" And you looked back at him—calm, steely-eyed—and said without a hint of a smile, "No, I've been touring the night shift at a rubbing alcohol factory." And despite (or perhaps because of) getting smacked around by your old man, you knew you were the king of incisive wit and sarcasm.

Well, let me tell you—you just lost your throne, motherfucker. Even assuming that, by some amazing chance, you actually managed to be the wittiest fucking person on the planet—some Boys From Brazil lab-grown hyper-intelligent CHUD-like Oscar Wilde clone—you must realize that was only true in a world where David Cross hadn't released a CD of standup comedy.

Because David Cross is funnier than you. He's funnier, smarter and more in control of his shit than you can ever aspire to being. He knows how to work political humour (with the acumen of Dennis Miller) and he knows when to take the piss out of rednecks (with far more vitriol than Jeff Foxworthy will ever contain in the course of his sad little life). He makes fun of Christians and Jews (with the matter-of-fact attitude of Lenny Bruce) and bends society over, pokes out its eye and skull-fucks it harder and with more *joie de vivre* than he ever put forth during his run on *Mr. Show*.

Shut Up You Fucking Baby! is the double-CD set documenting his tour across the US earlier this year—more than two hours worth of that learning that you don't get in books; that old-school oral education in a dirty shotglass with a venom chaser. So why two discs? Why not distill it into one and toss the dregs? Because it's all gold, baby. The vitamin C-rich golden urine of David Cross pissing all over all of your sacred idols not because he had too much coffee, but because it's funny.

So wipe it off and laugh, goddammit.

DISORDER: Is there a point where funny switches over into tasteless and from there switches back into really fucking hilarious?

David Cross: Well, I don't know if it switches back; it just goes further until it meets itself in a weird Moebius time-strip. But yeah, there's definitely a thick line between funny and tasteless and tasteless and funny, but that's just a matter of relative taste, too.

Well, I found the whole Catholic Church bit on the CD really funny, but—

That's just such obvious sarcasm, you know, and plus I'm also a card-carrying member of NAMBLA, so I feel differently than other people do. I'm not a member of NAMBLA; I just have their card. I hold their cards for them.

Playing cards?

Yeah, they're playing cards. They're pretty hot—I mean, if you like young boys.

There's a long-standing tradition of in-your-face social commentary in comedy stretching back through Lenny Bruce to Bill Hicks and you, now. What do you think you can impart through comedy that you can't get across any other way?

Well, it's a way to be angry and palatable. Nobody's going to pay money to see somebody rant and rave—"This is bullshit! This is bullshit!"—but [this] what Jonathan Swift did; it's what Voltaire did. It's a way of dealing with something that's inherently not funny, that people might find strident and self-righteous and then make it digestable.

Do you think, as a celebrity, you have some kind of social responsibility?

No, I think I, as a person, do. I don't feel any kind of responsibility as a celebrity, except maybe to try to be more polite than I normally would be, or more tolerant of insensitive, stupid people. That's it.

So what do you see as the salient differences between the US and Canada?

Well, the maple syrup industry is the future for both countries. The main difference, I think, is that people are less uptight here. My experience is limited to Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver—I've never really been in the country or anything. I'm not that big a fan

of Toronto, but I love Vancouver and I love Montreal. I really, really like those two places.

Funny, that's what most Canadians who don't live in Toronto say. There's not a lot going on there and it closes really early. I love Montreal for that—for its happening... cultural... heroin access.

And Vancouver for that too.

Yeah.

So considering that much of your material is intentionally based on pushing boundaries, what do think the place of political correctness is in society?

I think it's only apparent when people call it "political correctness," because I don't really see that many examples of it anymore. I don't consciously see it. It seems to be almost a trend, in a way, that's dying down—at least the idea of calling somebody on their political correctness or incorrectness. But it's manufactured; it's fake; it's not organic; it's not real. So, as well-intentioned as it may be, it's usually covering up something else that's more important. I don't know what that means, but I can't wait to read this interview and find out.

Well, I'm sure that Mr. Show got called on its shit a few times.

I think everything we did was in the boundaries of being correct, if not politically correct. We didn't pick on defenseless people, we picked on assholes—whether it was religious or big business or whatever.

Your track titles were hilarious and, appropriately enough, had nothing to do with the tracks. Is that coming from sheer disdain for the pithy titles that other comedians come up with?

Absolutely. Yeah, that's it exactly. And they asked me about the track titles and it just occurred to me, "Oh, here's another place for humour." I could call it the real thing, but fuck that. Why would I do that? Extra bonus laughs! Before you even open the disc up; before you even pay for it or burn it!

Word on the street has it that you're working on a Scientology comic.

Oh, yeah! It's not a Scientology comic, but I was working with an artist who unfortunately is a little... crazy, and backed out of it and said he couldn't do it, but the stuff he was drawing was amazing. I just have to find a different illustrator for it, but I have this whole story. It involves Scientology, but it's not about Scientology.

Is that a big interest of yours?

I'm a little obsessed with it. I've a fascination with it that goes beyond interest, and it makes me angry in a way that other religions don't, but it's not a religion, so I shouldn't even give it that credibility.

In what way does it make you angry?

Just that human beings are that susceptible to such absolute blatant nonsense, made-up fiction, garbage.

And the Bible too, for that matter?

Well, the Bible is also ridiculous—but it's less ridiculous than Scientology. That's just crap.

The Bible at least has a couple thousand years of history behind it?

Yeah. I can understand believing in that way before believing in this science-fiction writer's poorly-written, random, illogical stuff.

And since I've got you here, do you have any feelings on Bush and the latest push to take out Iraq?

It's very disturbing and upsetting to me and, much like my feelings on Scientology and the Bible, it's also very disturbing because of how manufactured all this stuff is. Especially knowing the history of manufacturing this kind of... it's just, there's nothing funny about it. It's just really disturbing and awful and mean and selfish and... that's it, just really selfish. I wish I believed in Hell because I believe he'd go to Hell.



David Cross: Funnier Than You

14 November 2002

The Gourds are currently Austin's hottest band. This is no small feat in a city that bills itself as the "Live Music Capital of the World." That's standard Texas hyperbole, perhaps, but Austin City Limits and SXSW are worth boasting about. Austin is still considered a mecca for songwriters and has nourished the careers of the likes of Doug Sahm, Willie Nelson, Townes Van Zandt, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Alejandro Escovedo, Nanci Griffith and Lucinda Williams.

Lurking in the Americana and roots corner of the alternative music parking lot, Gourds' music is hellaciously hard to describe. Various sources have offered up labels like: The Band meets The Pogues (or London Calling-era Clash); backporch hillbilly punk; Tex-Mex-Cajun-rock-grass-trad. Take your pick. The band's unofficial motto is "music for the unwashed and well read." While they are in no way a jam band, the Gourds enjoy a large following among fans of the Phish / Leftover Salmon / Widespread Panic scene.

A distinguishing feature of this band is the presence of two songwriters with differing styles. Songs written by Kevin Russell (vocals/guitar/mandolin) are more likely to sound as if they were plucked from an Appalachian picking party, while Jimmy Smith (bass/vocals) tends to careen through lopsided landscapes inhabited by shadowy characters. What the two share is a love for what Robert Bly calls "leaping poetry" and the type of imagery found in the works of Neruda and Baudelaire.

My introduction to the Gourds came in the spring of 1998 in a college town in north Texas. The owner of a local club renowned for booking fine indie bands ran into us at a festival. He waxed poetically about this great young band from Austin that he absolutely had to see. If I recall correctly, the phrase "future inductees to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame" was even uttered. At the gig, even though the bass player had lost his voice, I could see and hear that there was definitely something to this scruffy-looking bunch. My fandom was not instant, but has increased steadily and mightily with each new album.

The Gourds' sixth CD, Cow Fish Fowl or Pig has already garnered heaps of praise and college radio airplay. They recently performed in front of a crowd of 10,000 at the Austin City Limits festival. Looks to me like they're on course for a 2002 induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Kevin "Big Daddy" Russell took time to ramble amicably via email about songwriting, great Canadian rock bands, and the "Gin and Juice" phenomenon.



By Val Cormier

THE GOURDS Music for the Unwashed and Well Read

DISCORDER: The Gourds achieved some notoriety on the internet for your version of Snoop Dogg's "Gin and Juice." How'd that happen?

Kevin "Big Daddy" Russell: Well, I first played that at a birthday party for our sound engineer, Rche [sic]. That was back in 1997 sometime, I think. It went over very well, lots of laughs and jaw dropping. You'd have thought I had reinvented the wheel.

I just liked that song so much when I first heard it, which was sometime after the fact, probably 1994 or 95. My sister Erin played it for me over the Christmas holidays that year up in Denton, TX where my folks live. I wanted to figger [sic] out a way to play it, just for kicks. I could not rap, thank the lord, so I had to come up with a melody that would support all those words. It was like learning "Louie, Louie" if Bob Dylan had written it.

One night at the Electric Lounge in Austin I told the guys to follow me on it and we would play it. They had never played it before. I told them it was just A and D chords, very simple, and we did it. Again, the place came unglued. I think we all were a bit disturbed by the reception of this monster song. It gained in popularity around these parts. Of course our record label at the time wanted us to record it, so we did. They went out of business before they could really work it.

So it disappeared into the internet netherworld. I think it got on Napster first under Phish because it was on some stoner's CD burned comp. That shit gets traded around among any real liner notes. So once everyone thought it was Phish, it took off on Napster. At one point it was the most downloaded song, I heard. I contacted them about it, but they were of no help, claiming systemic incompetence by design. I realized at that point I could upload the entire catalog of the Residents under the Gourds and everyone would think that was us. Who needs integrity when music is free?

It was probably for the best though. Now we are not known as "that Gin and Juice" band in the way Dynamite Hack became known shortly after as "that Boyz in The Hood" band. I think we dodged a bullet there.

Do you still perform it in your live sets?

We still play it when we feel like it or when it seems like a good time to play it. We played it at the Kerrville Folk Fest. Everyone said we shouldn't because it might offend the marijuana, wine and cheese crowd. But they didn't seem to care. We try to offend people, but we never seem to really get it right.

The most surprising thing to me is when we play a wedding and the bride requests it. It is easily one of the most misogynistic songs of the last 10 years. But even my mother loves it.

It really has a life of its own. And I never tire of seeing where it goes and who it finds. Keith recently was drunk down on the coast of Texas on the beach in Galveston. He said he was trying to fall

asleep out there in the dunes at Sam, but all the cars cruising up and down the street were blaring our version of "Gin and Juice."

Rumour has it that Snoop has fine self has heard your version and digs it. Is that true?

Yes, there is a video clip of him listening to it on the website. [http://www.thegourds.com]

The Gourds website says "there is just absolutely no way to categorize this music, these songs, without tearing up the English language." But let's try anyway. Where do you find your songs? What gets you riled up enough to write?

I write usually when I am sitting around outside. And it all starts with a chord progression and a melody, which has a certain rhythmic pattern, of course. Then the words I dig up from old notebooks or magazines or symbolism or great works of literature. I do cut ups or collages of words and phrases and then add on bits to make it all rhyme and connect somehow.

I get ideas from anywhere and everywhere. I can write a song about the sexual habits of a blade of grass if I want to. There is nothing in the world that can't be explained through music and words... well, maybe not explained, but at least represented or presented in an odd way that might make the listener think it means something more than it does. That is the beauty of the imagination.

I like the sound of words put together that one might not expect to be used in the same song or sentence. It is fun to rip up the English language. I think that is how the English language became so bizarre and in need of all those stupid rules we learn in school. It's been ripped up and stuck back together and interjected with so many other languages that it is honestly a product of our diverse, crazed, misled and entertaining culture.

Of late I like to call our music "Rag & Bone" or, as Tom Waits coined, "Surreal." It is something of a game to try and make a name suitable for it. And, no matter what we call it, we will always have to be put into one of those categories one finds in the bins at the record stores.

I think rap was the last accepted category of the 20th century. It really takes a huge cultural movement to get the retailers to make plastic signs for their bins to sell it. We are not there yet. That must be the ultimate accomplishment for any musical artist—to be instrumental in creating a new genre of American music. Bill Monroe comes to mind, James Brown also.

Is true you're a closet Triumph fan? Any other Canuck bands you love dig?

Well, I love Magic Power and some of the other tunes on Armed Forces, but I would have to say I am not a "fan" more than a man who likes a good laugh with his rock 'n' roll. Tons of Canuckrock is great. The greatest of all, of course, is BTO. They flat out are one of

the greatest rock bands of all time from anywhere in the world. Their record *Not Fragile* is one of my all-time favorite records. I always dreamed of being in a rock band like that. I did a lot of my pre-pubescent mirror-guitaring to that record.

You recently released a fine solo CD which includes a song ("Somebody Bring Me Flowers, I'm A Robot") written with your son Guthrie. Is the co-write process different with a 3 year old? And does he get a cut of the royalties or are you just paying him off in ice cream?

He gets a roof over his head and all the Disney movies he can watch. He uttered the phrase one day while playing Legos and I asked him simple questions about what he wanted to say. A question per line. He would answer and I would write it down in a way that would rhyme and fit with the musical idea I had for it. We have worked on many musical collaborations. I am going to give it a few more years before we record and tour with this show. It needs some time to mature.

Are you happy with how the new CD turned out?

Well, it seems like a regular Gourds record, which usually does mean there are some surprises. I think the main difference is Jimmy's songs on this one seem to me more structured and fully realized. He was really into the minute and a half song for a while there. I really am interested and impressed with where he is going as a songwriter. I feel like he is taking it less seriously and at the same time creating some really classic songs. He is growing and learning like the rest of us and it shows in his songs, of course.

The whole feel, actually, of this recording has that "not trying too hard" quality to it. At the same time there are some really wonderful moments. "Bottle & Dime" is flat out balls-hung rock. "Blankets," a Max song, is a beautiful little thing that I always like to play and hear. "Ceiling's Leaking" is really a cool Sticky Fingers-era Stones thing that is fun as shit. "The Bridge" is a really fine, fine song that I think is played very well. It has a great group of lines in it: "If the billy goat was Bootsy and the troll was Macco, only the godfather of soul could really take you to the bridge."

Canadians have some pretty interesting perceptions of Texas. So what do Texans really think about Canada?

I don't know, really. Most Texans like the idea of Canada. But we are such an arrogant bunch down here... nothing is sacred but the Cowboys and the Alamo. I know in the middle of August most anyone would love to be in Canada. BC bud? We might know about it, I really can't say if we do... mum's the word.

john zorn in control

"I think I have here all that I could possibly want. I have my books and my music and mother's art collection and a visit from a beautiful lady from time to time and what I value most: My privacy."

By Nou Dadoun

The eastern European voice on the answering machine sounded like it came from an old movie but, rather than inviting a message, it delivered one: this is a man who indulges in artistic and sensual pleasures, whose world is self-contained and who does not welcome uninvited intrusions into that world. I left a message anyway and John Zorn phoned back about five minutes later. We had a chat that was at turns revealing, evasive, frustrating, friendly and rushed. My overwhelming impression was of someone who hated being pinned down or restricted in any way—who hated not being in control.

John Zorn has been one of the most important and controversial figures in contemporary music in the late 20th century and looks to maintain that standing in the dawning of the 21st. To someone not familiar with him, his music, and his contributions, it may be hard to grasp his importance.

He's a cultural sponge with an enormous artistic appetite. An apocryphal story has him listening to music on a walkman modified to play one-and-a-half times normal speed so he can cram more in. His record and book collections are legendary, displacing furniture and even the kitchen in his apartment ("I eat out"). Previously having lived in Japan for a number of years, he's fluent in Japanese and well-versed in Japanese film and art. He wears the running threads of his own Jewish heritage like a talisman. His 'top ten' CD, book and film lists on the Tzadik web site reveal a man who swallows genres whole, from the cartoon music of Carl Stallings to Indonesian gamelan to beat poets to film noir.

These influences and cultural references all feed his muse in a body of work staggering not only in its size—but also in its breadth. Explorations of technique in solo alto saxophone improvisation inspired by Anthony Braxton as the "art of strategy"; reworkings of the hard bop repertoire in the Sonny Clark Memorial Quartet with Wayne Horvitz and then, its logical extension, *News for Lulu* with Bill Frisell and George Lewis; psychedelic country and western with Eugene Chadbourne; funky Hammond B-3 groups with Big John Patton; free improvisation as a participant in Derek

Bailey's Company Week; the list goes on.

He's tackled experiments in rock music with *Locus Solus*, dabbled in speed metal and thrash with groups like *Painkiller*, explored dynamics, tempos and textures with *Naked City*, avant lounge music with *The Gift*, fully notated compositions like "Redbird" (influenced by Morton Feldman), "Cat o' Nine Tails" (a commission for the Kronos Quartet), solo piano pieces like "Carry," and full orchestral scores like *Angelus Novus*.

At the same time, he's shown an unwillingness to let his audience get too close or become too comfortable, subscribing to the "Art is not a mirror, it's a hammer" philosophy. He has a predilection for disturbing images, sometimes drawing from violent pornography for album graphics—the original cover for *Torture Garden* prevented the disc from being sold in the United States. One of his *Naked City* compositions is entitled "Eat Shit Jazz Snob!" sometimes retitled "Eat Shit Naked City Snob!" in performance.

Since the early '90s, he's been a leading proponent of the "Radical Jewish Culture" movement which has created contexts for the intersection of contemporary music with Jewish culture in compositions like *Kristallnacht* and ongoing projects like *Masada* and *Bar Kokhba*. Zorn has been the nucleus (the grit that created the pearl?) of the New York "downtown" musical community whose Theater of Musical Optics evolved into clubs and showcases like the Knitting Factory and Tonic.

His game pieces are a category unto themselves (e.g. *Pool*, *Lacrosse*, *Cobra*, *Xu Feng* etc.)—based on 'war games' in which up to 20 musicians/players dynamically team up in shifting groups of various sizes and improvise with (or against) each other. The teaming and improvisation rules are usually controlled by flash cards and gestures of the prompter, often Zorn himself. Perversely, although there are recordings and performances of many of the game pieces, Zorn doesn't usually reveal the rules and cards which guide the "game," thus leaving the audience "out of the loop."

Some of the concepts of the flash cards in the game pieces evolved into his "file card" studio constructions: *The Big Gundown* (settings of the music of Ennio Morricone), *Godard* (his tribute to Jean-Luc Godard), and *Spillane* (derived from the Mickey Spillane pulp fiction of Mike Hammer).

Zorn (at last count) has released 13 CDs of his own soundtrack compositions in the Tzadik *Film Works* series, and we launched into a discussion of film music:

One of the things that I know about you is your admiration for film composers; one of my first exposures to your music was the Godard Fans record, which was a wonderful thing and ear-open-





ing for me. I know that it was at the time a new experience for you in terms of studio possibilities and you went on to explore that for a while. Is there any of that studio [file card] stuff there in the back of your mind in terms of future projects?

Always... [The studio is a tool and I continue to do studio work that is along those lines. *Songs for the Hermetic Theatre*, I think, is an example of a record like that. Or *IAO* that just came out. Conceived and created really to be a CD and nothing else but that. If it can be done live, it would be learned after it was created in the studio.

I know some of the Ennio Morricone stuff was eventually performed live, but it seemed more like a studio construction than anything else.

Yeah, very much so. And it's a pain in the ass to do it live. **Have you ever thought of doing anything with the music of Bernard Herrmann?**

Ah, that music is sacred. It can't be touched. That's the way it is. I would have thought that Ennio Morricone's music was sacred in a way.

Mmm... There are a lot more possibilities with what you can do with his music. Herrmann's music really has to stay the way it is. The orchestration is crucial and if you think about it, it's very simple motivic music with very simple harmonic motion and it doesn't lend itself to interpretation, to wide interpretation. It was really music that was not pop music in that sense. Morricone wrote a lot of very big pop songs. He worked as arranger for [Italian pop music]... so, that really opens up the interpretation possibilities of his music, whereas Herrmann's is tied to the film in a very deep way... has integrity in a very deep way and doesn't lend itself to interpretation by a rock group... it's gotta be what it is. Some things are just like that. It's not any better or worse than what Morricone did. It's just different. So I don't think I will be doing anything of Herrmann's. You know, we did a version of "Taxi Driver" in *Naked City*... there is an example of him doing a pop song. So, you can't take the theme from *North by Northwest* and give it to guitar, bass, and drums and expect that it's really gonna have the same impact...

Although, something from *Psycho* might...

Yes and no. I've heard people try to do it and I just think it's unsuccessful. It's not because the musicians aren't being creative. It's because the music itself inherently needs to be exactly what it is. **Now, you're also an admirer of Maya Deren.**

Very much so. Yeah. **Have you ever thought of scoring some of her work?** Well, not yet, but I did some music for two Ken Angel films last Halloween. That was very successful and Ken was there, was really excited and there was talk about synchronizing my scores to a couple of his films. And I did it recently for Harry Smith, *Early Abstraction* and the *Oz* film and I did a whole program of Harry Smith work a couple of months ago. That was also really, really successful. I take these things a step at a time. If it's appropriate, I'll do it—if I'm asked. Seichi Ito's scores to Maya Deren's films are wonderful and I don't know whether I want to replace anything like that, but maybe if there's footage found or if there's film that doesn't have any sound synched to it at all, I might consider doing something like that.

That brings to mind something like *Un Chien Andalou* or *L'Age D'or*.

Right. Silent films to me need piano accompaniment.

You think so? Hmmmm...

Yes, that's my personal opinion. I don't like rock bands doing such and such, orchestras doing such and such. I think it's about one person at the keyboard interacting with the images on the screen. When you score something immediately, it becomes a mood type thing. It's very hard to really follow the action the same way that a pianist can. Or it just becomes so stiff because you're tying it exactly to the action in one specific way that... I don't know. No, I think

silent films... piano."

The way you describe it, it sounds like another vehicle for improvisation.

Yes.

Maybe it's better not to let the pianist actually see the film before they sit down and accompany it?

Well, you know, once or twice to get an idea... [laughter]

So you don't get too surprised and drop your hands right off the keyboard.

Right... definitely.

Perhaps his most surprising project is his latter day role at the helm of Tzadik Records. When I chatted with Zorn back in the mid '90s, I'd mentioned that as a record store owner and a fan, I'd always had trouble getting his numerous Japanese releases and enquired whether he was interested at all in pursuing any record distribution. He expressed no interest at that point but then two years later his label Tzadik started releasing material, now with over 200 releases to date.

"Well, see? I can't say what I'm gonna be doing with anything at any time. Sometimes I think I'll never play the horn again and turn around and create Masada... You never know what's gonna happen. Tzadik came about as a result of wanting to keep stuff in print, wanting to help the community that nurtured me, wanting to do something with the pile of money I got from doing, more or less, you know, kinda Hollywood film shit, which I do not continue to do but give me a pile of money, what am I gonna do with it? Here's a thing to do with it. Best thing I ever did was to start that label. That was really a good thing to do... We're lucky with the distribution [Koch]. It's a lot of work and sometimes I wonder how much longer I can keep it up, but I think it's one of the more important things that I'm doing. I hope to keep it going."

In a way, Zorn is a contemporary version of John Cage, identifying the boundaries for people then crossing them and extending the music and how people hear and think about music in different ways. One of the things about Cage's musical philosophy was that sometimes stuff worked or didn't work, but it always made you think. It always made you question your assumptions and learn something new.

Zorn denies it: "I try to challenge myself and keep myself interested in doing music... but I don't know how close I am to how John Cage works. I guess a musician doesn't think in terms of boundaries, you try to make music. And you experience a lot of different things in your life and they all go into the music at some point."

Well for example, one of the things about jazz, per se, is that, in terms of improvisation, it's caught in a rut in terms of soloing on changes or soloing within the head-solo-solo-solo-head framework. Communities of improvisers like Derek Bailey and Company and Time Flies in Vancouver go to the other extreme insisting on 'pure' improvisation with a 'no tunes' philosophy. And you've gone beyond that in a lot of ways, by taking new structures for improvisation, looking at game pieces and...

Yeah, but at the same time the basic Masada book is a book of tunes that function in the head-blow-head format. So, there is a challenge that I set for myself as a composer and as a performer: Can you do something in that format that's exciting? You know, sometimes, you're right, you try and take something and explode it. Sometimes you take something and explore it. So, ultimately, it's just about music-making.

Do you think of Masada as something that you're going to be doing for a long time? Because it seems as though *Naked City* ran its course, in a way...

I can't say, how long, how short I'll be doing anything. [Naked City] served its purpose. That was the end of it. The thing is, to get together and play that music was very difficult and very challeng-

ing and [took] a lot of rehearsal time. Masada is not like that. We can get up and we can play without rehearsing the music. It's hard to say no when someone says, "Hey, we'd love for you to play," it's fun to play and all we have to do is get up there and play. In that sense, it's probably something that I will continue in the future.

Masada's previous visits to Vancouver have been with the ensemble now subtitled "acoustic" Masada. In fact, their first visit in 1994 pre-dated the release of any recordings of the group and prompted a comparison to Ornette Coleman's early acoustic quartet, a comparison that Zorn refutes:

"A lot of it is chordal, a lot of it is modal, a lot of it is totally open, a lot of it has nothing to do with harmonics... That's the music I happen to play with Dave Douglas, Joey Baron and Greg Cohen, you know, the surface of what's happening is a pianoless quartet and people immediately go to Ornette. I've been influenced by Ornette, my personal playing has been influenced by what he does, but, you know, it's gone to a lot of different places. So when you interpret the written melodies, you can interpret them in many different ways. That particular quartet because it doesn't have a piano in it, people immediately gravitate towards, you know, Ornette. And I like Ornette's music very much, but if you look at the compositions and what we do with them, I would say 90% of it is nothing that's anything remotely like what Ornette would ever have done or would ever do. A lot of it is very, very different from his approach."

Although the Masada project is most widely associated with the acoustic quartet, Masada actually refers to a song cycle project (i.e. a "book" of compositions) which has been performed by a number of different ensembles. From the chamber ensembles of Bar Kokhba and The Circle Maker to Acoustic Masada to Electric Masada, the current Santana-like jam band with Zorn, Marc Ribot, John Medeski, Jamie Saft, Trevor Dunn, Kenny Wollesen and Cyro Baptista, these groups all draw from the same book whose 200 or so compositions (I) were composed by Zorn over the course of four years starting in 1993.

As to whether he uses Hebrew folk songs or other source material for inspiration: "I do everything... [These are not traditional melodies. These are all original melodies.]

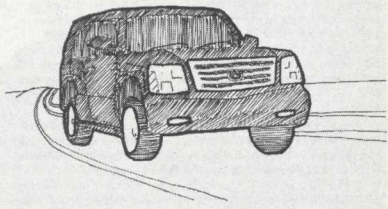
As to whether the Masada book is still expanding: "Yeah, there's still tunes here and there. I wrote a couple of film sound tracks [in the spring] and I think we got about five or six Masada-type tunes out of that and they kind of went into the book, but it's not something I spend a lot of time on it. A compositional project that pretty much ended after the first four years of doing it. Now a couple of tunes pop out once in a while, but it's not something I work on consciously.

"The thing about this band is: Other bands I've had, I've been very much in control; I had an idea of what I was looking for and I was on everybody's case to try and get it. With this band, I wanna see what happens, what these musicians do with this music. I don't have an agenda—It's gotta go this way, it's gotta go that way—more 'let's see what we can do.' And I respect and trust all these musicians and I'm still at the helm, but I'm very open to where they may wanna take [it]... The heads are all there, we learn it and we take it somewhere. I try to guide them, but in this particular case I think I'm gonna be letting them loose in a lot of ways. We'll see. Could be pretty wild."

Having heard a recording of the one live show that this band has done at Tonic in New York, I agree that it could be pretty wild. But I have trouble believing that John Zorn won't be fully in control.

John Zorn's Electric Masada plays at the Vogue Theatre on November 8 at 8 pm. Tickets are available at Black Swan, Highlife, Scratch or Zulu Records or through Ticketmaster.

VANCOUVER HIP HOP MIGRATION



In the basement of their dilapidated apartment on Commercial Drive, the Low Pressure All Stars laugh about the neighbourhood of their newly adopted city.

"If Vancouver is the most expensive city in Canada, then East Van is the cheapest place in the world," says DJ Moves, the producer and Volttron head of this underground hip hop collective.

While trash-talking wrestlers drop elbow smashes on the television, Moves, Rhék One, Tachichi and Ceel!!!!!!!, who are all originally from Nova Scotia, joke about their fondness for East Vancouver as they drink beer and pass around blunts. Cheap Asian fruit markets, 99 cent pizza, lesbian hookers, and a high minimum wage (which would matter if any of them had a job) were all excellent reasons for them to have made the move across the biggest and most sparsely populated country in the world.

Travelling across the sprawling Canadian landscape from one coast to the other fueled by booze, break beats and big dreams, some of Canada's finest underground hip hop artists are now calling Vancouver their home. As if part of a perfectly timed relocation program, over a dozen MCs, DJs and graffiti artists hailing from cities such as London, Winnipeg, Ottawa and Halifax have packed their bags and headed West.

The invasion force consists of artists that originally hailed from smaller cities and make a more abstract and intimate form of hip hop. The Catch-22 for the hip hop scenes in the small markets of Halifax and Winnipeg is that their isolation helped creativity but hampered exposure. Many of the pioneers of the internationally praised Halifax hip hop scene have now left the city, looking to branch out elsewhere in bigger scenes.

Led by two of Canada's most praised beatmakers, Low Pressure's DJ Moves and Peanuts and Rhék's mcnroe, the movement has been slowly gaining speed over the past couple of years and has snowballed into the creation of an entirely new and eclectic hip hop scene in Vancouver.

The globe-trotting MC Josh Martinez, also originally from Halifax, spent time in Australia, Montreal and parts of Asia before making the move to East Van. "Out here, there is a fairly large amount of people that are tuned in and have good heads on their shoulders, and you do need a big city to do that. You do need, at some point, some exposure to people—and it wasn't an established scene that had sort of locked things down and decided this is what was good and this is what is bad; it was just open. The whole thing is you could actually have an open scene with everyone kinda contributing in their own way here, and probably only here in Canada can this exist, just because people are easier going," he says.

Vancouver's hip hop scene has only really begun to blossom over the past few years. While the Rascalz laid the groundwork in the city, it is groups like the Swollen Members and the City Planners who are leading the next wave. Vancouver now has three weekly nights where you can see live hip hop, plus other monthly and irregular events. Vancouver also recently got its first urban radio sta-

tion, 94.5 The Beat (which doesn't play the music of these artists since it is considered too abstract). The rapid growth of the city's own hip hop scene has helped create an atmosphere that artists all over Canada are finding very attractive. The city's scene is constantly described as being "friendlier and more open."

"We're a bit more open minded out here—it's a West Coast thing," says Birdapres, a native Vancouver MC who has worked on albums with both Moves and mcnroe. "People have a willingness to accept a form of music that they aren't used to. It's the same thing in LA, San Francisco, and Seattle. I guess being a port city we've always got music and people coming in giving exposure."

The proximity to California played a major role in shaping the city's tastes. While the rugged sounds of New York, the birthplace of hip hop, play a prominent influence, Vancouver has also embraced the funkier style of California artists who have come up to play, such as the Freestyle Fellowship and Hieroglyphics.

Unlike in the US, Canadian artists have very little choice in the way of large markets. There's Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver. But Montreal is considered to have a more francophone dominated hip hop scene, while Toronto remains the domain of an exclusive and elite music cartel, where a certain sound and certain artists tend to dominate the city's scene.

DJ Moves left Halifax four years ago to explore Canada's largest market for a couple of years. He had been a landmark figure in the burgeoning hip hop scene as a member of the playful Hip Club Groove. The group gained national attention in the mid-'90s and helped put Halifax on the hip hop map, which was in the midst of producing a plethora of talent including Buck 65, Sixtoo, and The Goods. Moves' beats have since matured and vary from the dark and twisting to the upbeat and playful sound reminiscent of his younger days.

In Toronto, Moves had success when he became a member of the pop group Len, whose hit single "Steal My Sunshine" blew up beyond anyone's expectations and was the summer jam of 1999. He also began working with London, Ontario's Governor Bolts, a freestyle legend who has adopted a number of surreal personas, the most popular being a dirty, demented drunk. The Governor Bolts album *A Crooked Mile*, which was named 1999's album of the year by *Vice* Magazine, is a perfect example of the diversity of Moves' sound. Strange vocal samples, swallowing organs, and crisp breakbeats allow Bolts to compose a new character and a different story on each track.

But Moves says he soon became frustrated with the city's image. In an interview from his East Van home, he says his beef with Toronto is that it suffers from a "hardrock" syndrome. "Everybody by now knows that Toronto does sound like New York—and that's not even a diss, that's a truth. To get anything big there, you're forced to be what it is."

This copycat sound that Toronto is often accused of acts as a push and pull for the city's scene. While many are turned off by

this unoriginality, others enjoy the more commercial sound that is more popular at clubs and parties. Toronto is also often accused as being closed to outsiders, suggesting that if you're not from there, you're not going to make it there. For the artists that have moved to Vancouver and who make a far more unconventional hip hop sound, Toronto was an obvious push.

But Toronto still remains Canada's capital for the music industry. Canadian hip hop artists that have received the biggest distribution in the United States have all come out of this city: The Dream Warriors, Mischee Mee, Choclair, Kardinal Offishall, and Saukrates.

However, the success of Swollen Members and BattleAxe Records has defiantly challenged that dominance and acted as a great inspiration. The DIY approach that MC and label CEO Madchild pushed, shows that Vancouver may be ripe enough to act as an alternative. More importantly, the Members have managed to maintain their independence yet cross over into mainstream appeal.

The reach of the internet has also helped teach artists that they don't necessarily have to be situated in the largest market. Both Peanuts and Corn and Low Pressure have had success in cultivating a fan base online. Following the examples set by Bay Area's Hieroglyphics, Invisibl Skratch Piklz, and Anticon, underground hip hop artists are quickly learning how to use the internet as a tool to get their music out to the public.

"It's the way to go out, everybody basically knows that. If you're in the underground or if you're not really big, if you don't have a commercial deal that's not publicizing you out on the street, shit like that, it's the way to go," says Tachichi.

So Moves and Bolts came to Vancouver and set a trail soon followed by others. The role call of migrants is impressive. From the East Coast are the potty-mouth sailors from Halifax: DJ Moves, MC's Tachichi, Oracle, Josh Martinez, graf artist Rhék One as well as Miles from the We Stain Porcelain production team. From the flat land of Winnipeg is Peanuts and Corn Records' head honcho, mcnroe. Vancouver has even welcomed hip hop refugees from central Canada—like London, Ontario's MC's B-Side, Governor Bolts (who recently went AWOL only to land back in London), and Futility Records' DJ Neoteric. And from Ottawa is Solsprint, who is part of the expanding Nextraterrestrial camp, which includes the legendary underground rap group Supreme Being Unit. The Nextra crew is spread out over four cities in Canada and has since inducted Moves, B-Side, Rhék and Bolts into their family.

This relocation to Vancouver, though, started as an uncoordinated development. Those that were part of the first wave of arrivals have similar reasons for making the move. Vancouver's climate and scenery has always worked as a magnet that attracts all types of people. Josh Martinez followed the call of the wild to help run Low Pressure Records with DJ Moves. He is an extremely introspective MC whose content matter ranges from the Holocaust to

his refusal to conform to society's idea of normal. He says he was so struck by his new city's landscape that it inspired him to write an ode to the city entitled "BC Trees." The tree-planting MC uses a laid back, soulful style to praise the city by crooning, "I love chilling in the city / but most of all I like its leg room / I like how people here appear to do whatever they please / Vancouver, BC / I love these big huge trees." The coastal atmosphere of Vancouver and its small downtown has been a big pull for the Halifax artists, who say they feel being near the ocean makes Vancouver a home away from home.

But the movement also signifies a change in personal development that every individual goes through over the course of their life. Halifax graffiti artist Rhek One came out to help with Low Pressure and run its art direction. Rhek is also a member of Halifax's HomeWreckers graffiti crew, which includes Sixtoo and Thesis, and whose disfigured, drunken characters are now imprinted on the walls of Vancouver. His reasons for moving stem from an urge similar to the one that made these other artists bust out of their hometowns. "You can't live in the town you grew up in forever," he says. "[Vancouver] is still the best place to be and we plan to take it as far as it goes." In this regard, much of the redevelopment has been coincidental as artists from all over Canada in their early to mid-20s break out of their hometowns and their parents' basements to head for a bigger city.

The more recent arrivals of MCs Tachichi and Oracle are a testament to the influence and pull that DJ Moves has already had on the scene. The rapid fire Tachichi is a master of irony who weaves through topics of innocence and debauchery and has already recorded an album with Moves entitled *Truth of the Trade*. The album includes the song "Bush Gardens," a tongue-and-cheek pubescent love song that was declared the "best rap song ever" by Vice. Oracle, now known as Ceel!!!!!!! (the eight exclamation marks are explained as a necessity, since the name is to be shouted), has already worked with Sixtoo to create an album, *Jesus Christ Never Existed*, which madly raves through subjects of atheism and conspiracy theories in Hunter S. Thompson-like rants. Known for his proficiency with profanity, he says he was getting depressed about the lack of intellectual inspiration in Halifax and knew it was time to hook up with Moves.

"I just thought Vancouver was the sureshot. I've always felt that Moves gave me inspiration. He was the main cat that makes some of the hottest beats. I'm trying to work with cocksuckers that are hardcore that actually drink every night and fucking talk shit but at the same time keep things in perspective. It was just a matter of utilizing the potential and making us a hot-ass collective coming out full circle."

Moves and mcnroe are both regarded as two of the most proficient beatmakers in underground hip hop. Their arrival to the city explains why others soon followed. Simply put, MCs need beats. No matter how great the lyrical skills of the MC, if the beats suck, the songs suck.

Winnipeg's MC/producer, mcnroe, is at the opposite spectrum to his emigrant counterparts. The self-proclaimed "biggest nerd in hip hop" and former engineer is a workaholic with his music and label, Peanuts and Corn Records. With each release, he has constantly been gaining praise as reviewers drool over his carefully crafted, moody soundscapes that sample acoustic guitars, woodwinds, and strings. He and his label mates, Gruf the Druid, Pipi Skid, and John Smith, have created a series of conceptual albums that cover topics of politics, spirituality and mass consumerism. His label has been recognized as one of the "next 100" in the popular *Urb* Magazine and the impact his music has had on hip hop has garnered him comparisons to the legendary Pete Rock.

But mcnroe remains aloof from Vancouver's hip hop scene and his presence in the city is felt more subtly. In a recent interview from his Richmond-area home, he admitted that he's not the prototypical hip hop performer since he's not out playing shows, "paying my dues and nurturing a fan base." He says he is more involved with his new distribution company and making all the music for his other label mates. But mcnroe's influence in the city works by adding Birdapres to the Peanuts and Corn roster, bringing out his

label mates to do shows, and working with other artists such as Josh Martinez. He has saved the Moves and Birdapres album *Alleged Legends* from tape obscurity by releasing it on his label.

But besides Birdapres and Surrey's Ink Operated, there has been very little work among the locals and the newcomers. This is not an uncommon thing, as crews and labels tend to work solely among themselves, and is not to say that the different camps don't get along.

"Any time that you've got a label, it wants to make a point with its sound. All sort of have a mission statement," says Birdapres, who stands out as a bridge between the two scenes. "But people are accepted here. Each one complements each other in different ways and they each fill a role."

However, collaboration between the different camps is beginning to grow. This is an inevitability as time creates new connections. Right now it is mainly the City Planners that are collaborating with the newcomers. Sichuan produced a beat on the new Josh Martinez 12" and Peanuts and Corn is distributing the new Jeff Spec record.

How long these artists will remain in Vancouver is anyone's guess. These transient travellers offer no insight on how long they plan to stay. "It's wherever the music takes me. It's the way it has to

be said," says Tachichi. A number of other artists have already come and gone and another group of Halifax artists have expressed interest in making the move. Low Pressure Records are in the midst of signing a deal with Universal Records to distribute the new Governor Bolts record and are creating a side label called Fried Chicken Records for Tachichi and Ceel!!!!!!! Josh Martinez has parted ways with Low Pressure for "personal and financial" reasons, but mcnroe has added Birdapres to the Peanuts and Corn family and continues to expand its distribution. In the meantime, the city of Vancouver has the opportunity to experience an amazing collection of Canadian hip hop artists—at least until they leave for somewhere else or a new batch arrives. *



PARALLELA

UNIVERSE

By Steve DiPo

For a universe to be created, there must be the corollary genesis of two phenomena: space and time. I put a microphone on the table in the back corner of the Sugar Refinery and discussed the geometry and funk genocide of Paralella Tuesdays with curators Skye Brooks, Masa J Anzai, and JP Carter. We laughed a lot more than the text shows.

DISORDER: Is it "Parallel" Tuesdays or "Paralella" Tuesdays?
Skye Brooks: "Pa-ra-llel-a." It's often broken into two words.
Masa J Anzai: It's always broken into two words!

So is it the female form of "parallel" or the musical form of "parallel"?
S: It's just a homemade word. It doesn't have anything to do with anything.

'Cause I was sitting around one day thinking about parallel lines and paralella Tuesdays and I was like, "Yeah! It's like two lines... that never converge! They just travel and they go on and on and on! They're equal, but they never meet! Don't you get it?" So I'm pleased to know that none of that went into the creation of the name.
JP Carter: It's got nothing to do with umbrellas! I always thought there was an umbrella thing going on.

S: No.
M: What country are you from?
S: Parallelogram. Parallelogram. That's where the original idea comes from.

Is a rhombus a parallelogram?
S: I don't think so. I dunno.

It's got parallel sides.
S: Yeah, a parallelogram is anything with two parallel sides.

A trapezoid would not be. [Interviewer's note: this is wrong if above definition is correct.]
S: A triangle is not a parallelogram. It's a long story.

So when did it start?
S: JP actually originally had Tuesday nights, and then he went away to Europe. Then Steve Horwood asked me if I wanted a regular night when JP went away—around two years ago I guess—and I said yes, I'd love a regular night. Then I just got talking to Masa and I didn't really know what I'd do, and then I was like, "I'll just have people down that I'm comfortable playing with and just improvise. And then Masa got involved too and we started making it way more open to any people we knew who were interested in improvising and it just went from there. And now it's growing all the time: there's always new people playing.

Awesome. So what's the most exciting country of origin of one of the performers you've had here to play? How far away have the people come to play Paralella Tuesday?
M: Japan.

Japan? Anybody from Germany?
JP: Yeah, there's Joe Williamson, but he's from Vancouver originally.

I don't get it. What, you do a solo tour as a jazz musician and try to find gigs all along the way?
S: Some people do that.

M: Some people make a living doing that.
S: I don't think a lot of that has happened here, but there's one guy from Texas, a trombonist, who's actually going across North America
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and back, and all around touring solo trombone.

So how does he find out about you? How do you find out about him?
S: Coincidentally, it came up on a web page called the Tentacle, which is this creative music page. It's really good.

Is it locally based?
S: No, it's out of Seattle. It's really, really good.
M: Covers the Northwest.

S: Yeah, it's a Northwest thing. Some Vancouver, but mostly Seattle, Olympia, Portland. Then they have links to lots of other really cool websites all the way down to Santa Cruz. But yeah, I had [the trombonist] calling me relentlessly, and then his car broke down and he couldn't make it to the show.

Oh man. Car troubles. Do you guys ever get in shit for playing too loud?
M: Always [laughs]. They don't like loud music here.

Did they make an exception for Rob Wright?
M: Oh, I think they did.

So when is the official two-year anniversary celebration? It's coming up.
S: It's November 8th.

What kind of things can people expect for this? Are there gonna be like 50 musicians in here?
S: Oh, on that night? Last year was just awesome; it was so good. What we tried to do was to invite everyone. Me and Masa called up everybody, everybody that had ever played—almost, probably. So we said we're having a party on this night in celebration of doing this thing for a year, so come down and bring your instrument. There was also a thing in the Straight about it, which probably helped 'cause attendance was really good. It was packed and it was just a really fun time. Somehow it worked out that people just sorted it out playing amongst themselves. Sometimes it was chaotic.
M: Yeah, it was pretty crazy.

S: Everyone had respect. They wouldn't hog the stage: once they had their five minutes or whatever people would switch.
M: There were some weird things here and there.
S: Sure, for about a half hour period, there was this funk jam going on.
M: And it was those guys who hadn't even played.

They crashed the celebration!
S: Anyway, we fixed that funk jam [everyone laughs]. Actually, it was me, and Masa, and JP, and Steven Lyons. We ruined the whole thing, fucked shit up.

(Insert a welcome food service interruption here, at which point JP starts askin' the damn questions.)

JP: What purpose do you think these Tuesdays serve the community?

M: Well, it's an outlet for doing this stuff. It's here every week so the consistency is important for the musicians to play and the audience to listen. It's there. Once a week. Always.
S: Without this, there's a lot of people who probably wouldn't—I know they wouldn't—have a place to play this kind of music in this way. And it's very easily accessible, to set it up! I mean. You just call us up. They don't have to have a demo. They just have to have an interest in doing it and that's it. So it's just a good opportunity for people

to play and for people to see others who they wouldn't normally see playing music.

So what were some of the highlights looking back into the last two years? Is there anything that stands out as just amazing?

M: So many.
S: Personal ones for me? It's really hard to say, but obviously Rob Wright was a highlight. That was huge excitement for me. It was so good. It was so fun. To me they're almost always good. I always feel like it's a good show. I can't remember many times when I've walked away from playing one of these shows, unless I'm really tired or something and it's for my own personal playing reasons. But for the music, I always walk away feeling good about it.

How about you Masa? Over the last 104 Tuesdays?
M: I can't think right now. Some of it's good, but some of it's not as good. But every night there will be something that happens that makes it work.

How about you JP? Any standouts?
JP: Yeah, it really is hard to say. It's hard to remember perfect ones. It's easier to remember particular ones that I played in more 'cause I was there or whatever. I remember once Masa and I did one with the Dylan van Der Schyff trio. That was pretty cool. And Skye and I did one with Chris Kelly at the beginning of this month, and that was pretty cool.
S: That was great. That was a recent highlight for me for sure.

Does anybody ever bring in any really unconventional instruments? Does anybody ever walk in with a hammer dulcimer or anything like that?
S: At the end of the month we're having a show with a shakuhachi player. And you don't see that every day.

Wow. What's the instrumentation gonna be that night?
S: It'll be congas, shakuhachi, harp, and sitar.

Sounds intriguing. Well, where can people find out about nights like this that might appeal to some more than others? Have you got an email list?
S: There is an email list, and if people want to get on the list they can email me. We've got a pretty big list going now. There's always posters up at Zulu, Scratch, here at the Sugar Refinery. In the future, my brother's actually making a website for Almost Transparent Blue and there'll be a section that we'll update every month.

How often are you surprised by the other players and how often do you surprise yourselves?
M: All the time. Every night.
S: All the time. Even Masa and I, or JP and I, we play together all the time, and I still get surprised all the time by each one—by everyone—I play with all the surprise.

Anything else to add?
S: I suppose we should thank the Sugar Refinery 'cause they've let us do this for two years. There's nowhere else that we can do it so we're really grateful to have this place to do it.
Paralella email list: skyebrooks@hotmail.com
Website (under construction): www.almosttransparentblue.com
Celebrate the 2nd anniversary of Paralella Tuesdays on November 8th—after all the other shows you have to go to.

From the Mole to the Molar: Dirt, Decks, and Dub

"Colin the Mole" is showing me his first record on his own label, Next Door. "Look," he says, pointing excitedly at a locked groove cut into the vinyl. "It isn't cut properly!" Oddly enough, the grinning Mole isn't upset. In fact, he seems to enjoy the manufacturing mistake that resulted in a single groove splitting into three—for it allows him, with just the precise weight adjustments on the tonearm, to make the groove skip at odd intervals.

The same can be said for the dirt. As I walk into his small studio room, he plays me some very muffled and dense hissing sounds, obviously originating from some sort of turntable-record combination. "I took dirt from the floor!" he says—I look down at the dirty floor, and notice the sludge—"and I put it on my records!" The result? A dense, skipping atmospheric layer of sound that could only be captured by an analogue needle and a creative mind...

Colin, a native of Victoria, BC, now lives in Montreal. In his former days at CFUV, UVic's campus radio station, he was known as the "Mole of Soul," although he tells me that now he goes by the elusive "Hans Molar" alias, even though he is known around Montreal simply as "the Mole."

As a fellow ex-BC-patriate myself, I was immediately drawn to Colin the Molar Mole as someone I could talk to about trees and the ocean in this land of cement and poutine. But more than that, Colin the Molar Mole is a talented turntablist and electronic musician whose love of the warm, stripped, deep, and sensuous minimal groove has landed him residencies in the city alongside Algorithm and Mike Shannon as well as holding down Saturdays at the legendary new media hangout, Laika. Back in May, Colin had the opportunity to open for Germany's dub legends Scion and Tikiman at the prestigious Micro_Mutek 5. This was no ordinary opening—Colin the "Octa-Mole" was going to be playing his own hand-cut records on five turntables, two mixers, and a couple of carefully chosen effects boxes. Hunting through old bargain bins and digging through crates of dub, he assembled everything from The Muppets to Monty Python and Walter Carlos, noting specific spots where a weird sound could be lifted out of context and heard as something entirely different.

Then, marking the spot—sometimes with tape, other times on the record label with a pencil—Colin the Soul cut the record with a knife, cross-hatching deeper cuts for smoothness and assembling cuts of different lengths and strengths across a total of 20 records for the performance. The result? A skipping locked groove that metamorphoses the sound of Eric Idle lapping his cheeks together into a percussive splatter, and transmogrifies the ending note of The Muppets "Pigs in Space" into a spacey-tom-rim-shot. Mixed and blended with the precise use of effects—namely a space-echo—the ensuing mix is a soft homage to the loop and a wonderfully relaxing listening experience that is nevertheless precise, intricate, and surprising in its complexity of sounds. Deep, rich bass resounds while clicks pop across a spectrum of spatialised and atmospheric mushes; it's a tactile performance-dub that contrasts sharply with the nano-bot rigidity of the all-too-ubiquitous laptop performance.

I began asking the Mole how he assembled this many records and made it all work, and why he decided to play it the way he did. For despite his hip hop skills—the Molar originally mentored as a hip hop DJ—Hans had a different idea in mind for the Tikiman show. He shows me his yellow-bound notebook of drawings and handwritten notes that log conceptual ideas on how the performance should sound, as well as organizing charts for gear placement and the setup of five turntables. To make it all piece together without becoming one big mess, Colin invented a script for the looping of samples which represents the five turntables, their samples, their durations (1-4 beats), and gives markers for the placement of effects. In his notebook are two carefully elaborated concepts that define the combination of elements that comprise his style:

"Don't dazzle them with all eight hands. Cloud them with the ink and pull them in slowly with all eight, surround and swallow."

"The Question is not the speed which I can move, but the quality which I can deliver."

In today's world of flashy showmanship on the one hand

and mystifying technology on the other, this is a dedicated aesthetic agenda designed at creating a slow and deep relationship between audience and performer through a new arrangement of sounds and performance. Taking known techniques—turntables—and subtly turning everyone's ideas of this format upside-down, Colin breaks down the audience's conception of the DJ and the formats and purposes of the turntable—like a dub and beat-driven Janek Schaeffer.

And it isn't easy. All of this thought and planning is to avoid sounding repetitive and boring. "The toughest part," says Colin, "is not sounding like a loop, but like it is music and not just skipping." To not get too caught up in the loop, to keep it moving, and most of all, to have patience—"Silence is always key!" it says in his notebook—this is the nut of the moment, the crux of the performance. Hans Molar the Sole Solar Mole has learnt his lessons well from John Cage, and I am happy to say that the elusive Octa-Mole performed spectacularly at the Micro_Mutek, slowly sucking the crowd of curious onlookers into a deep and mental sonic landscape spread across the physical environ of five turntables.

What's next for the Molar Mole? He is currently hoping to release his mixed-cd of turntable-skip-work, titled *The Starchy Root Machine*, where, soon, and he has a record coming out on Portland's Starbass Records with his good friend Mike Bisco called *Like Disco*. Colin also has a track on Victoria's itiswhatitis East Meets West Vol. 1 compilation as "Bodensee," and a track with Mike Shannon on the Mutek 2002 compilation CD. "The Mole" continues to pump out the deep BC-influenced grooves every Saturday at Laika, 4040 St. Laurent, in Montreal, the City of Sin. *

By tobias v



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**A LUNA RED
SLIMZKI
(Action Driver)**
Industrial music, here is your much-needed blood transfusion. Stand up! Wreak havoc! Get the party started!

A Luna Red have been playing with gizmos for a few years now, working on creating the perfect balance of that which is hip (no-wave, if I dare) and that which was forgotten. In a cyclical scene, I suppose it's only logical that **Skippy Puppy** would eventually jump the right leg to create this new breed...

What the band started on *The Death Birds* has evolved (through numerous player changes, much hard work, and some silly dancing) into an insanely well-crafted oddity—and the kids love it! A Luna Red was definitely ahead of the pack on this one, being the best in a small-but-growing pack of neo-industrialists. Or whatever. This stuff defies both logic and classification, and would make any young **Blink** start dancing in his gumbots. Yeah!

**AKI200
Shootokill
(7-runecordings)**

Don't hold AKI200's past failures in mixes (let alone his puerile militaristic vocabulary) against him: as a producer his perfectionist leanings have served him and his listeners well in the past, and the tracks on *Shootokill* that are good are gold. Unfortunately, there are only a few of these ("Junior's Tune" with **Junior Reid**, "Midtempo Deluxe" with **Timecode**, and "Seared Rare," for my money) and there's no getting around the impression that AKI200 is a man of pre-simian intellect. Exhibit A: he thanks **Linkin Park** and **Blink 182** in his liner notes (which might be excusable if the defence were, you know, 15). The rap tracks—"Contact" with **Last Emperor** and "Take You There" with **Phife Dawg** (of **A Tribe Called Quest**)—would make **Vanilla Ice** cringe—and I am not a man who speaks from a condition of unfamiliarity with the works of **Vanilla Ice**. We're talking "Huh/Uh huh/True dat"/bad. "Drum and Bass/in your face"/bad. D&B sounds ridiculous with rap lyrics to begin with; this is the worst of the worst. "Lycan" with **Dom & Roland**—a far superior producer who, nonetheless, also occasionally struggles with mediocrity—was a disappointment, too. (Dom should know better than to collaborate with AKI200—it was all too predictable—"Lycan" is quickly written off as generic, too-fast D&B constructed without skill or real ideas.) And I

would be shocked to hear "Fake," the first single, spun by any reputable DJ: an excellent example of how not to do a vocal D&B track, the harmonies sound like they were pulled off of a **Christina Aguilera** song. It occurs to me that AKI200 is trying to address the "Where the Drum and Bass at/G back to Europe"-mentality still in effect on the American party scene and win himself some mainstream credibility (not to mention mainstream-scale profits). But the negative trend in D&B is to push it towards this uncreative, anti-intellectual juvenility—by taking the genre backwards, the man known as AKI200 shoots himself in the foot by making it boring. With his association with brain-dead, machoistic MCs, and his contemptible predilection for pop formulas, nothing on this album is going to win AKI200 any converts that "Porn Breaks" didn't already entice.

Donovan

**BECK
Sea Change
(DGC)**

Please stop saying that this album is a masterpiece. This is one extremely bunk idea. **Beck** has, of late, gotten very good at copying interesting things, as evidenced by his fine work on *Midnight Vultures*. *Sea Change* is no different. Boy, is Beck doing a great job of manipulating other people's musical ideas! Most of this album sounds like it could be any old alt-country extravaganza, which is nothing to complain about, but—and here's the key—it's nothing to get excited about either. The most blatant of the rip-offs is "Paper Tiger," which has the same guitar riff and sound (not to mention an identical string arrangement) as the first track off the **Serge Gainsbourg** album *Histoire de Melody Nelson*. Now if you want to talk masterpieces, that album would be a much better contender.

It is true, however, that I can be a bit of a polar-opposites type of girl when it comes to reviewing music. I should stress that this is not the worst album ever, just kind of dull and uninspired. I was never a "Folk-Beck" fan, but am not opposed to the idea that it might be his thing. Just need a little more to work with, is all...

Julie C.

**DZIHAN & KAMIEEN
Grain Rise 'n' (Six Degrees/Couch)**

It distresses me that people think it's okay to make music this boring and then sell it. Downtempo was downtempo when it was Drum & Bass in

1997. This is garbage: unoriginal beats, irritating vocal samples and nauseating, watered down jazz thrown in to complete the illusion of substance. Avoid this like you'd avoid an uncooked seaweed stir-fry that you found in a pail in the cafeteria.

Donovan

**DREAM ON DREARY
S/T
(Black Box)**

The number one reason to get this record is because you can't get it on CD. The number two reason to get this record is because it's WAY BETTER THAN CAT POWER.

Christa Min

**FLIPSIDES
Clever One
(Pink & Black)**

Holding *The Flipsides' Clever One* in my hand, I looked at the cover and thought, "Here's a girl who seems gung-ho to be fronting a three-piece band." I was biting my nails with fear, expecting to hear severe candy-coated voices like those of Nina and Louise of **Veruca Salt**. I have this deep-down feeling like I should support females who play in cute little guitar-driven rock groups, but not if they're going to nauseate me.

at me. Instead, the lead vocalist Sabrina Stewart is, well, not quite as nauseating. (Her lyrics about puking don't count.) Her voice is refreshing to listen to as she has a raw yet perky quality. Her lyrics about puking don't count.) Her voice is refreshing to listen to as she has a raw yet perky quality.

It suits the fast-paced So-Cal punk songs found on this 12 track album. She's also the gal responsible for the band's catchy guitar riffs which typically stick to the three-chord punk format.

To put in a shameless comparison, I couldn't stop thinking that the Flipsides were like a sarcastic, punky cub. Maybe it was the rawness of Sabrina's voice, or the cute stories told within songs. Maybe it's because the songs are interlarded with vocal harmonies? I don't know.

There are funky neo-Rancid bass lines that dance up and down the fret board, quite apparent in "So Disgusted," and while the pessimistic would claim that the ninth track, "Tough Love," kills the rapid flow of the album, I'd say that this jazzy number is a welcome change in pace; it also highlights Sabrina's singing ability. The first two songs, "The Best of Times" and "Two Weeks," are fun and fast-paced—and they introduce the Flipsides' catchy punk style—but it can lose its originality after that. The songs—while short, sweet and to the point—start blending into each other, especially after a few listens. There's nothing

innovative, although the Flipsides seem to realize this, and therefore have fun with the genre.

Sure, the Flipsides are stereotypical punk pop. While a chorus or two may get stuck in your head, the lyrics aren't necessarily worth writing home about. Perhaps the Flipsides' music is not so clever after all, but they're definitely solid and genuine. Don't buy this expecting a new format, but if you're a fan of the punk frequently associated with the San Francisco/So-Cal scene, you'll enjoy *The Flipsides' Clever One*.

Robyn

**KOTTENMOUTH KINGS
Rollin' Stoned
(Capitol)**

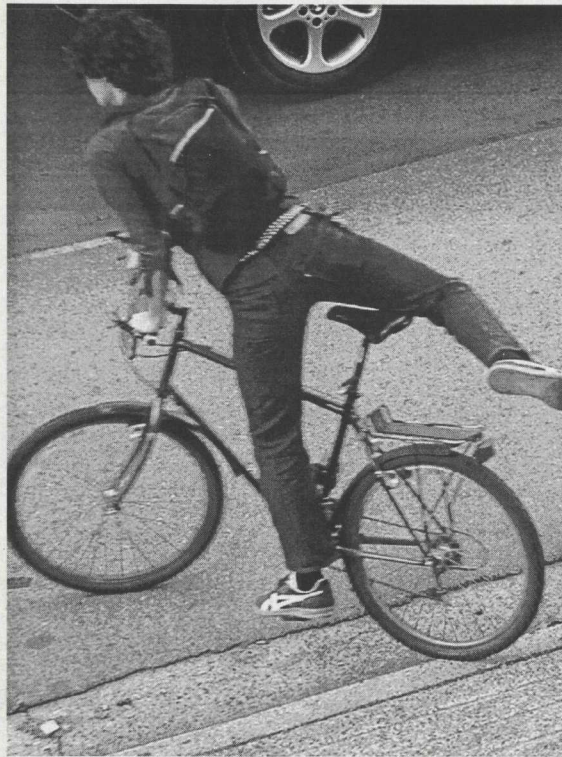
Do albums like this really matter that much to people that don't smoke mad chronic? I ask because apparently these So-Cal dudes have managed to put out five full-lengths so far and I can't imagine that there's an enough appeal outside of the head-shop market to sustain them.

I mean, come on—they've got two guys in the band who dress up like nu-metal clowns! And not even the scary ones like **Slipknot**; the loser kind like **Insane Clown Posse**. Is there anyone who's not constantly high who thinks the antics of dope-smoking evil clowns is in any way interesting at all? I mean, all they do is talk about dope and killing people! How is that interesting?

As for the rest of the band, they also enjoy the loco weed



Drawing By Andrea Nunes



and discuss it on such tracks as: "Light It Up," "Pot Head," "Strange Daze," "Rest of My Life," 4-2-0," "Full Throttle," and, well, pretty much the whole damn album.

Cypress Hill did it better, **Cheech & Chong** did it funnier and any other clown on the face of the planet did it scarier. Let's face it, if you have the need to puff mad ganja then \$20 worth of weed is going to do you better than this sad-art CD will.

Chris Eng

LOW

(Kranky)

Over the course of six LPs, **Low** have maintained an admirable faith to their artistic vision, altering their sound so subtly with each record as to render the changes nearly imperceptible—but all the more significant for that. Low's music has a fragility that should not be casually tampered with; there is a sense that one misplaced snare, one over-enthusiastic guitar solo, could render the intangible beauty of it all irretrievably lost.

You can imagine my worry, then, to see that on **Trust Steve** "Safe Hands" **Albini** has been usurped on production duties

by someone called Tchad Blake. Admittedly I haven't heard of this guy, but his resume—including **Pearl Jam** and, er, **Latin Playboys**—doesn't exactly inspire confidence. Before we hastily proclaim Low to have abandoned all artistic integrity in the hope that they might attain the star-struck heights of the Latin Playboys, however, it should be noted that Albini has a few skeletons as well—Bush being the name that immediately springs to mind.

Anyway, a cursory listen to **Trust** revealed my worries to be unfounded. There are new elements to Low's formula—

notably enough reverberant drums to make any self-respecting '80s pop outfit jealous—but they serve to delicately complement the intense solemnity of the songs. Sonic integrity aside, **Trust** demonstrates Low's continuing commitment to a more fundamental ethical vision—their unflinching confrontation of whatever emotional depths they encounter in the writing of their songs. The funeral "Candy Girl" and sublime "In The Drugs" (on which the insatiable lust for reverberation is extended to Mimi's backing vocals, with startlingly beautiful

results) reflect this particularly, both songs demonstrating the sense of life's difficulties being confronted—and ultimately transcended—that characterizes Low's best work.

It's tempting to ascribe this redemptive quality of the songs to Low's religiousness, but this fails to explain the universal appeal of their music; Low's music is religious, but in the spiritual, not theological, sense. Their relevance in an age dominated by irony and lightness might, instead, be attributed to a common instinct to derive meaning from life. Low articulate a yearning for spiritual commitment to the unknown, which transcends the merely religious: **Trust**.

Sam Wiseman

NOAH23

Quicksand
(Plague Language)

This marks the second full-length independent release by hip hop recording artist **Noah23**. Produced by label-mate **The Orphan**, the album is a mix of breakfasts and melodic samples, often cutting in with double-speed rhythms and jungle programming which flows toward and against the alternating speed and sweet

yet slow unpredictable verbal manoeuvres. **Noah23** pulls words and phrases out of the stratosphere and makes them move and sing in laughing, playful rhymes.

Sometimes the deliberate disconnection between words seems meaningless, but his energy and obvious vocal skill carry the album. He flows "I'm the verbal version of those green/With my germ terminology protean/And there's no machine" with an early '90s-style jazz-sampled flute loop and alongside drums fluctuating between 80 and 160 beats per minute. I find the album reassuring and warm—there is "no machine" or mechanical coldness to his rapping. It sounds and is so good to listen to.

Arthur Kruminis

THE ORGAN

Sinking Hearts
(Global Symphonic)

Let's face it, the '80s are no place to spend your life. Pastel golf-shirts, leg-warmers and **Duran Duran** are not worth putting on an altar and venerating. The only fashion example from the entire decade worth emulating was Judd Nelson's "John Bender" in *The Breakfast Club*, but a fraction of the bands that released albums were worth listening to. When you narrow '80s music down to '80s dreamy synth-pop, the number of viable candidates drops to less than five. Trying to track those select releases down would drive a sane man mad, but luckily you don't have to. You can just listen to **The Organ**, a current band that's distilled the essence of those albums and transcribed them. The bodies of work from **Echo** and **The Bunnymen**, **Sixxsioux** and early **Depeche Mode** have been put under a microscope by the five girls who make up **The Organ**. They've figured out what made them work the first time round, and adopted and transformed their styles, creating a wholly classic yet thoroughly personal style for themselves.

You can't own the '80s (and why in God's name would you want to?), but you can take

parts of it and make them your own. If you're lucky and/or talented, they'll be the good parts. And if you're **The Organ**, you'll not only score the good parts—you'll release of a six-song EP that has audiences clamouring for more.

FYI: Nostalgia sucks, but **The Organ** rule.
Chris Eng

SAINT ETIENNE

Finisterre
(Mantra Beggars)

A dance pop band that's been together for over ten years? That has a devoted cult following? Such things usually require some manner of divine influence, but in **Saint Etienne**'s case, perhaps it's just a matter of skill, perseverance and some catchy tunes. Their latest album, **Finisterre**, finds them combining the stripped-down, subtle pop of 2000's *Sounds of Water* with the sophisticated lounge/disco hybrid of older albums—along with some new surprises. Songs like "Language Lab"—a violin/key-board/drum machine chill-out instrumental—sit alongside "New Thing"—and its primitive synthesizers—and "Action," a standout dance track which features the always-sultry Sarah Cracknell cooing over a set of beats that sound like they were lifted from **Kylie Minogue**'s last album. Then there's "Soft Like Me," with female rapper **Wildflower** (a rapper on a Saint Etienne album?) rhyming over the verses. Even more amazing is that, whereas a band like **Morcheeba** would horribly mangle such a concoction, **Saint Etienne** makes it sound effortless.

Between songs are spoken-word pieces by a chap with a haughty English accent, who shares revelations like, "The world began in Eden, and ended in Los Angeles" (chuckle). The title track ends the album, with Cracknell declaring: "Finisterre/To tear it down/And start again." If they keep making records this bubbly and fun, **Saint Etienne** could go another ten years without having to tear anything down.

Neil Braun

UBERZONE

The Digital Mix
(Moonshine)

This is an unexceptional album in a moribund genre. As I listened to it I had to keep turning it down, so concerned was I that my neighbours would think I actually listened to this kind of thing—and I am not a man easily swayed by the opinions of his neighbours. On closer inspection: although the songs are dull, the multi-platform digital mix is excellent. In my limitless mercy, I have contrived three possible uses for this disc: as a mixing primer (Dick, Jane, etc.) for beginning DJs, as a wheel for a small, lightweight wagon, and, if it can be found as a 33 on vinyl, as a 45.

Donovan

UNDERWORLD

A Hundred Days Off
(Junior Boys Own)

Underworld returns—sans former member Darren Emerson. The songs are full of hypnotic, groovy beats, and **Hundred Days** does a good job of repeating **Underworld**'s past musical palettes. For one, the group's trademark of using snare drums along with stream-of-consciousness lyrics is back in full force. Their current single "Two Months Off" is the stand-out track and does an admirable job of building up the main beat, eventually having Karl Hyde's hypnotic vocals kick in for the better part of five minutes. The only other track that gets close to replicating its energy is "Dinosaur Adventure 3D." Don't let the name throw you off—it's a rich ride through a landscape of trance and jungle—but then again, **Underworld** has always been good at breaking the traditional genres of dance. "Sola Sisti" is a seductive track that plays like hip hop in slow motion. You won't find any dance floor-friendly tracks here, but what you will find is an enjoyable, ambient ride. Don't expect immediate payoff: it's a record that gets better with repeat listens.

James Hsu

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MOONEY SUZUKI

SAHARA HIGHTIGHTS THE ENGAGED

Monday, September 30
Piccadilly Pub

Opening sport jitters got **The Engaged**, who started things off a little cautiously and never quite caught the audience's attention long enough to make a lasting impression—seems to me they need a bit more practice and less attention paid to pulling their friends on stage for birthday songs.

However, that 30 minutes of awkwardness was quickly erased by current Swedish fan-boy crushes **Sahara Hightights** who, without a word, launched into "Out of the System," from their North American debut disc *Jennie Bomb*, and never looked back. Half the crowd stood stone still, like they had been hit by lightning; the other half immediately flipped out, banged head and screamed, "SAHARA HOT DAMN!" in utter amazement. Barely in their 20s, these gals had more chops than a butcher shop and style to spare. We were treated to most of the tunes from their new record, with notable standouts including "Keep Up the Speed," "Fire Alarm" and "Alright Alright"—all souped-up doses of glam-pop rock-'n-roll—but midway through they blasted through an awesome version of **Suzi Quatro's** "Can the Can" that had all the subtlety of a sledgehammer pounding your skull into little bitty shards. "Not fair, you sul-

try rock vixens!" I wanted to shout as they left the stage with a wave, coy smile and a thank you, but I was too busy trying to pick up the pieces in time for New York's answer to the energy crisis, **The Mooney Suzuki**.

Yes, they sarcastically claimed to have created the solution to our West Coasters' wonton misuse of technology—most importantly, our personal foot massagers—but they indeed produced enough electric sweat to probably power a small Third World country. They needed no stage to accomplish this feat either, as both guitarists spent more time in the audience than on what ended up being no more than a platform for the drummer to prance around on with a cobra held up over his head. This form of worship was a bit troubling to me, so instead I paid my own form of idolatry by hoisting my index finger in the air at the appropriate times. Not the index finger, folks—INDEX finger, as in "Number one!" Songs were not simply played, but sliced, diced and served up hot and spicy in an R&B-mixed-with-Motor-City-madness stew from both LPs. The current hits "In A Young Man's Mind," "Natural Fact" and "I Woke Up This Morning" were given equal billing with older cuts from their Estrus debut, like "Make My Way," "Half of My Heart" and "Everything's Gone Wrong." On the contrary,

everything went right for those who braved a school/work night to check out a stellar evening of rock and roll. I went home thoroughly spent, going straight to bed and giving my personal foot massager the night off.

Bryce Dunn

DOVES

MY MORNING JACKET Friday, October 4 Commodore Ballroom

An enormous crowd of 20-somethings packed the Commodore for the Manchester band **Doves** who have been gaining a powerful Vancouver following, widened further this year with their latest, *The Last Broadcast*.

The opening band, **My Morning Jacket**, won the crowd over with a high energy set of songs that started out sounding like **Sigur Rós**, but ended in a fiery retro-rock jam session. The five-piece band from Kentucky amused the audience with their face-obstructing curls, making them look like lost *Fraggle* Rock characters. Lead vocalist Jim James displayed some impressive stage presence, really getting the crowd going and the beer flowing, and drummer Patrick Hallahan wins the award for best musical performer of the evening.

The audience was pumped for Doves when they hit the stage, starting things off beautifully with "Pounding." "There Goes the Fear," the weakest song off *The Last Broadcast*, ended a mesmerizing number that ended with Doves' signa-

ture guitar-swirl melting into a wicked percussion samba. Songs like the crowd favourite "Words" and the soaring "Satellites" were performed with tripped-out perfection. Unfortunately, lead Jimi Goodwin's voice began to tire near the end of the set resulting in so-so vocals on "The Man Who Told Everything," my favourite Doves tune. Guitarist Jez Williams proved to be a great sport though as he entertained the crowd during "technical difficulties" with some psychedelic guitar licks. A three song encore ended with an incredible surprise as the band brought out an old favourite from their years as mid-'90s house act **Sub Sub** and invited the crowd onstage. That's right...the crowd. It was chaos as I found myself squished right up against Jez, and we, the drunken onstage mass, rocked like Weebles to their bass-heavy electronic musings.

Doves cranked the volume to 11 and made the evening with that final, unsafe invitation. (That's gotta be a fire hazard!) They proved that they can deliver a wild show and, as they say, they're "not at all like U-fucking-2." Keep an eye out for My Morning Jacket, who had not been forgotten at the end of the night. Expect big things from them.

Jeff Sanders

SAFA

Wednesday, October 9 Vancouver East Cultural Center

In the two long sets of their CD-release concert, **Safa** only played a few numbers of their beautiful Persian-inspired ethno-fusion jazz, but all were extended improvisational versions of songs from their new debut CD *Alight*. But this was expected since Safa's whole concept is essentially coming up with a sketch of the piece and then getting into the prop-

er headscape to figure out to how to play it that time around. The members of the group all seem to function as three parts of the same mind when playing, and they have all talked about feeling a deep instant kinship with one another that allows them to be of a single spirit when playing. This incredible unity is something that is all too rare in music nowadays and the effect was mesmerizing, holding the near-capacity audience at rapt attention despite the extra-long length of some of the pieces, which lasted up to 20 minutes.

The group played wonderfully well together as a result of this unity of mind and spirit; seamlessly flowing from one piece to another and from one solo to another as the players traded solos in the traditional Persian call and response style. Amir Koushki sang beautiful songs in Farsi while accompanying himself on the tar, an exotic and delicate sounding instrument related to the guitar and lute. Francois Houle played some incredible solos on his clarinets, exploring different effects and sounds to add to the moods of the music. Being a percussion freak, I of course took note of Sal Ferreras' great metronomic timekeeping on various drums when he wasn't doing amazing intricately-rhythmed solos in complex irregular meters. Special guest Celso Machado sang, played additional percussion, guitar, and a great solo on the kora, a kind of West African harp with 21 strings.

It's somewhat difficult to adequately describe the experience of hearing Safa play. Time seems to stop and you get caught up in the moment of just being absorbed in the wash of sound.

Vampyra Draculea

SHINDIGI

MOTORAMA

BLACK RICE BULLBUCKER Tuesday, October 8 Railway Club

It seems that every year's SHINDIG! has one night during its preliminaries where the, shall we say, heavier bands of the competition are showcased. Well, this round was that night. Ears were left a-ringing! after sitting through this one, no doubt about it.

The first band up were Vancouver stalwarts **Motorama**, who seem to have giggered around town in the past more than the majority of peers featured in this year's competition. Maybe it's just me and the places that I frequent, but this is the only band this year who I was even remotely familiar with. They were noisy, abrasive and rocked! The drummer flailed away like a man possessed and provided much of the visual focus for the band. The only thing that I could complain about in their set was the lack of any really memorable riffage. This apparent deficit could, however, say more about the fact that I am getting old and require more melody. That aside, they were decent.

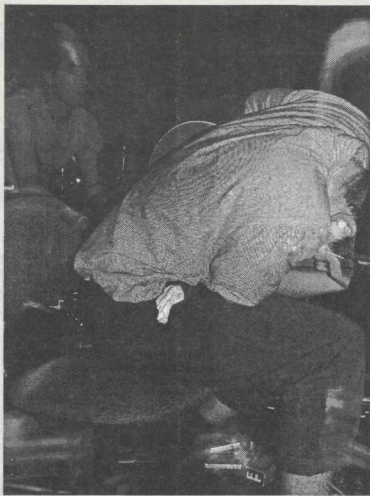
The next band, **Black Rice**, were heavy as well, but in a way which juxtaposed different styles and musical eras in one cool hard-rock'n' package. Consisting of two rather hairy mustachioed fellows on 6-strings and vocals, a Jack Bruce-circa-1969 looking bassist, and a heavy-hitting lady drummer, they had many memorable elements to their set. The two guitarists/vocalists (who looked like brothers, incidentally) sang late '70s UK punk sing-along choruses while banging away on their Telecasters. The bass player played John Entwistle-like lead bass runs, but with a heavy, distorted bass sound. The overall effect sounded like a mixture of musical eras: a bit of **Stooges/MCS**, a bit of English punk, a bit of newer stuff like **Royal Trux**. They were hard to describe but don't worry, readers—seeing as they won this round, you'll be able to see them again in the semi-finals.

The last band of the night was a heavy, sludgy **Fu Manchu**-esque power-trio from the woods outside Nanaimo called **Bullbucker**. Stripped down to their shirts, they stood out visually—especially their beast of a drummer. A great big guy with a mat of hair on his chest, a bald pate with long shaggy black hair down the back and sides and a prodigious belly, he pounded the drum kit into total submission. The wah-wah'd bass and guitar, both fuzzed out to match, provided a set of cool heavy stoner rock.

The only unfortunate part of the evening was that wherever was doing sound made himself scarce for much of the



The Goxxip! Photo By Lindsy Sung



Fly Pan Am. Photo By Lori Kiessling

night. As a result, the mix was shoddy at times, handicapping some of the bands to a fair extent. Other than that, it was a great night. All the bands were good fun and my ears kept ringing their approval for the entire walk home.

Michael Stanizis

HARD RUBBER ORCHESTRA HUGH FRASER QUINTET WITH STRINGS

Thursday, October 10

Vancouver East Cultural Centre

Hard Rubber were their usual magnificent selves. The band started off with a swing chart and then played a 9-movement orchestra piece written by Hugh Fraser. The pieces contained alternating movements of full-band sounds and instrumental duets. Notable were solos by Dennis Esson on trombone playing a beautiful muted ballad, an introspective duet by Rebecca Whiting (violin) and John Korsrud (trumpet), and a humorous exchange between Daniel Miles Kane (bari-sax) and Brad Muirhead (trombone). **Hard Rubber** finished with a blistering tune that saw Bill Runge (sax) and Vince Mai (trumpet) exchange hot hot solos.

The Hugh Fraser quintet with Strings opened the night with a pile of cool bopesque pieces. I appreciate the fact that Fraser was experimenting by adding a string quartet to his regular quintet, but I found them a tad distracting. They took away from some of the spontaneous chemistry that makes a tight group like his so entertaining to watch. Still, there were some great solos in that set—noteable were Fraser himself, who pounded the

piano with expressive enthusiasm, and drummer Dave Robbins, who plays with such explosiveness at times that you get the idea during some of his climaxes that he will not be done till he snaps his drum-set in two with his sticks. It's really something to see.

I can't think of words to sum up this concert. After it was through, I had a conversation with a friend of mine, and he summed it up better than I could. To paraphrase: "Hard Rubber is, no question, consistently the best Vancouver band event you can see. It's such a simple idea, I wonder who thought of it: 'Hey... let's get all the best jazz musicians in the city together and make a really big band. Hey, then let's get all the best musicians/composers in the city to write for our band. Okay, now let's play.' I found that funny. Such a simple idea and it works so well.

Lucas TDS

ENON HELIO SEQUENCE

Tuesday, October 15

Piccadilly Pub

Something has to be done about the scourge of annoying baby boomers at local clubs. I mean, let's consider the boisterous, barrel-chested fool with a misguided loyalty to **CCR**. This yahoo (who no doubt dwells in high school sport-hero glory) yakked-up everyone that made eye contact, flirted with the Pic staff and extolled the virtues of classic rock. So now I'm setting aside some time for a personal business venture. I'll set up something like a 911 number that you can call and a member of my team will speed to the scene of the crime and begin cutting out tongues. Send

your resumes.

Helio Sequence fuzzed the club with reverb-heavy, shoegaze pop. Nice sound, really. I've always been a sucker for that guitar "Bwawawawawaw" sound since it's the closest I ever come to illicit drug use.

Reports from scenerists all over Vancouver tell that this Tuesday night after Thanksgiving day was a dull one and few were out to do much of anything that night. Too bad: **ENON** gave a good show. John Schmersal led the band through much of their new material while handling a load of small electronic devices and showing a penchant for hammy showmanship. Recent **ENON** and former **Lapse** member Toko Yasuda has added her very yummy and gifted new presence on bass, keyboard and occasional vocals. Both she and John made their way into the audience, singing into our faces—you know, "keepin' it real," as you kids say.

In many ways **ENON** is a goliath of pop genres colliding with found sounds and unusual instruments, so I wondered what they would do to present this mix in a live performance. Of course, through the miracles of digital recording, they were able to bring some of the studio to us—you know, "keepin' it fake."

Would I see **ENON** again? Hell yes. For those that missed it, find yourself some **ENON** and a pair of headphones. You may be pleasantly surprised.

Blake

SHINDIG! OLDEN DAYS SUBCONSCIOUS SATELLITE RAKSASHA

Tuesday, October 15

Oh, the institution that is SHINDIG!

If you haven't been down to the famous Railway Club for CTR's battle of the bands before, then don't let this review discourage you. Some of Vancouver's now known bands have gotten good and drunk and started their long journey into rock 'n' roll stardom in this hallowed railway car. Unfortunately, none of the bands this night compared to their predecessors.

Arriving early to get a seat was unnecessary since this was the most poorly attended SHINDIG! I've been to. I'd like to think the poor attendance was a result of **ENON** playing that same night, but I'm not entirely convinced of this. Still, even the ubiquitous hecklers weren't present! Unlike other preliminary SHINDIGs, this night was a musical grab bag comprising three very different sounding acts.

The Olden Days took the stage first and looked to have potential. They're a quaint little band of a handful of members with a soft singer, keyboards, and violin, as well as the multi-band member Chris Harris on

guitar. This band has potential, but instrumentation seemed to take a back seat to the vocals because the sound was pretty much inaudible. Looking as if they just started playing together, perhaps they are yet to blossom.

Next up was an inspired, but by no means phenomenal, twenty minutes by **Subconscious Satellite**. These guys were definitely into their **Yes/Genesis**-era prog rock. Avoiding the typical shortfall of most SHINDIG! bands, Satellite's songs were varied in composition. A weak-ass **Jokes For Beer** followed the second band—the highlights being the drunks yelling unintelligible words at Ben and another pit successfully quaffed by yours truly to dull the pain. Although I enjoyed their enthusiasm, **Raksasha** was a hard nightcap to swallow. I enjoyed their youthful exuberance and angst resulted in a **Creed**-esque cacophony of sound that didn't make my peanut brittle. I endured long enough to learn Subconscious Satellite was the night's winner. This was truly an anomaly of a night for SHINDIG!

Robert Robot

MELT BANANA STREETS THE NONS

Sunday, October 20

Piccadilly Pub

Slightly delicious with anticipation at the prospect of finally witnessing Japan's finest deranged punk/thrash/hardcore merchants, my appetite was pleasantly whetted by the detuned twin-guitar antics of **The Nons** (think early **Sonic Youth** with less ambition and a greater predilection for garage). They didn't blow us away, but support bands aren't supposed to, right?

At this juncture it would seem apt to proclaim that **STREETS** demonstrate an admirable lack of respect for this axiom. Their irrepressible blend of West Coast punk and twiddly metal—the songs, apparently without exception, based around extolling the virtues of skateboarding—seem to be beloved of just

about everyone who likes to ROCK in Vancouver.

Finding myself unwittingly squished into what might grandiosely be termed the photographer's pit (that is, the square meter or so between the monitors) for **Melt Banana**, I was fortunate enough to be periodically hit in the face by Yasuko's microphone lead as she subjugated the Pic beneath a relentless barrage of frenzied vocal assaults. I should like to say I was also flecked with spittle, as a cheap device to try and communicate the intensity of this performance to the reader, but **Melt-Banana** are too focused—to calculate—for spittle. And therein lies the brilliance of their music. They confidently eschew the typical methods by which hardcore bands obtain their potency—random, chaotic aggression, and a deliberately low standard of musicianship—for something ultimately purer, more deadly in its precision. This is truly organized chaos. Admittedly, things went a little astray during an inadvisably long theremin work-out, but ultimately this primed the crowd for the resumption of Agata's brutal chainsaw riffs, spiced with a bewildering array of effects, ensuring we all went home satisfied—if a little disoriented. Vancouver wasn't quite prepared for such an efficient attack.

Sam Wiseman

GWAR Sunday, October 27

Commodore Ballroom

There are times in your life where there is a hole right in the middle of your being and you don't even know it's there until it gets filled. **GWAR** and its collective members filled my hole swiftly, efficiently and bloodily.

To say that I was baptized would be putting the point mildly. By the end of the evening, I was covered in blood, cum, pus, viscera and all manner of fluorescent bodily fluids. Yes, it was a glorious baptism; but a rebirth? I dunno—I think I'm still covered in afterbirth.

Chris Eng



Melt Banana! Photo By Sam Wiseman

THE
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JEFF TOWNE
Beer! Porn! Theology!
Down's Syndrome! **1-6**

PRISON CELLULOID
The role of media artists around
issues of loss, liberty,
confinement and conditioning **7**

THE SPIRIT WRESTLER
The true story behind the Dookhloors... **8**

KAREN CARPENTER STORY
The one and only, plus classic Barbie! **9**

FATA MORGANA
Herzog's mad study of the mirage,
with live music by EYE OF NEWT **10**

ICTV NIGHT
A night of political programming
about issues affecting YOU **12**

PAINTERS PAINTING
The Abstract Expressionists weigh in... **13**

MR. OTTO BIOGRAFFITI
Keanu Spont gives you
permission to pee your pants with
joy, wonder & amusement **14**

RADIOHEAD VS THE MATRIX
Get paralyzed with
Keanu and Radiohead X SI **15**

ORCHESTRAL AMAZE!
The return of MANWOMAN
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Thieves - guests **16**

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THE FILMS OF
LECH KOVALESKI**
Criminal Cinema presents this
tribute to the American
Underground's answer
to Werner Herzog **26-1**

MANWOMAN
The return of MANWOMAN
& THE PAPERBAG CATHOLIC with
director and subject IN PERSON **29**

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NOVEMBER 18



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THE CINCH
& THE NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

NOVEMBER 17



LIVE 11-PIECE BAND!
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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

NOVEMBER 27



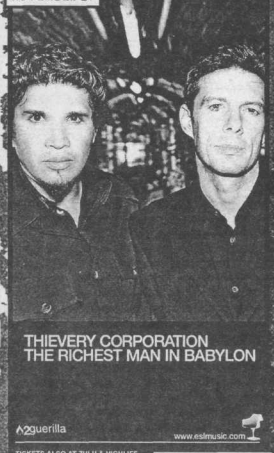
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COMMODORE BALLROOM

NOVEMBER 27



sarah slean

WITH SPECIAL GUEST NATHAN WILLEY

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

DECEMBER 1



Beck's new album
"SEA CHANGE"
"Stars"
Rolling Stone

www.beck.com

QUEEN ELIZABETH THEATRE

DECEMBER 5



Headstones

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY DECEMBER 13



PERFECTO
PRESENTS

OAKENFOLD

HERMAN CATTANEO 9:00PM - 11:00PM
OAKENFOLD DJ SET - 11:00PM - 12:30PM
LIVE SET 12:30PM - 1:30AM

COMMODORE BALLROOM

DECEMBER 16



The Ataris

The Go Reflex
Anti Freeze

CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

DECEMBER 18



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THE VANCOUVER SUN

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ROCK ON CANADA

charts

what's being played at CiTR 101.9fm



November Long Vinyl

1 The Organ	Sinking Hearts	Global Symphonic
2 Destroyer	This Night	Merge
3 Ladytron	Light And Magic	Emperor Norton
4 Loscil	Submers	Kranky
5 P:ano	When It's Dark...	Hive-Fi
6 Notes From...	S/T	Stutter
7 Thievery Corp...	The Richest...	ESL
8 Sahara Hotnights	Jennie Bomb	Jetset
9 Amon Tobin	Out From Out Where	Ninjatune
0 Hot Hot Heat	Make Up The Breakdown	Sub Pop
1 Neko Case	Blacklisted	Mint
2 Dirtmiits	Get On	Sonic Unyon
3 Low	Trust	Kranky
4 Op. Makeout	Hang Loose	Mint
5 Danko Jones	Born A Lion	Universal
6 Interpol	Turn On The Bright Lights	Matador
7 Spoon	Kill The Moonlight	Merge
8 Nasty On	Citysick	Stutter
9 Cinch	S/T	Stutter
0 Liars	They Threw Us All In...	Mute
1 Zubot 'n' Dawson	Chicken Scratch	True North
2 Sleater-Kinney	One Beat	Kill Rock Stars
3 Ron Sexsmith	Cobblestone Runway	Linus
4 Hanged Up	Kicker In Tow	Constellation
5 Sights	Got What We Want	Of Rome
6 Black Rice	Rice Lightning	Independent
7 Black Dice	Beaches And Canyons	DFA
8 QOTSA	Songs For...	Interscope
9 RTTC	Hot Charity	Swami
0 Nightmares on...	Mind Elevation	Warp
1 Beck	Sea Change	DGC
2 Tegan and Sara	If It Was You	Superclose
3 Røyksopp	Melody AM	Astralwerks
4 Pattern	Real Feelness	Lookout!
5 Mecca Normal	The Family Swan	Kill Rock Stars

November Short Vinyl

1 Gentlemen Of Horror	5 Song 45	Independent
2 Frog Eyes/JWAB	Split	Global Symphonic
3 Destroyer	The Music Lovers	Sub Pop
4 New Town Animals	Fashion Fallout	Dirtnap
5 The Spitfires	Juke Box	High Glazed
6 Kevin Blechdom	Jelly Donuts	Four States Fair
7 The Lollies	Channel Heaven	Evil World
8 Kung Fu Killers	S/T	TKO
9 Cato Salsa	Picture Disc	Emperor Norton
10 Get Hustle	Who do You Love	Gravity
11 Chromantics/Monitor	Split	GSL
12 The Evaporators	Hank The Horn	Nardwuar
13 Gene Defcon	Baby Halleujah	Modern Radio
14 Mirah	Small Scale	K
15 The Riffs	Such A Bore	TKO
16 The Agenda	Are You Nervous?	Kindercore
17 V/A	Modern Radio	Modern Radio
18 Scat Rag Boosters	Side Tracked	Zaxxon
19 Veal	I Hate Your Lipstick	Six Shooter
20 The Cleats	Save Yourself	Longshot

November Indie Home Jobs

1 Bikini Shop	Sick of Charlie
2 The Department	Be Your Friend
3 Video Tokyo	S/T
4 Felt Phallus	Slip It In
5 Winks	April Fell
6 The Feminists	Me and My Army
7 Bent Sinister	Untitled
8 Jordan Mackenzie	If You Were My Girl
9 Byronic Heroes	I'm a Drunk
10 Hinterland	Destroy Destroyer
11 The Perms	So the Stories Go
12 Chris Lindsay Electronic	Free Trade
13 The Organizers	Granny Smith
14 Crop Circle	Mexican Cock Fight
15 End This Week With Knives	Let's End This Here
16 The Accident	Just Relax
17 Barburn	Softserve
18 Cat Piss Toque	Surrey Gurls
19 The Red Scare	Will Always Come For You
20 Collapsing Opposites	War and/or Peace

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (i.e., "November" charts reflect airplay over October). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

THE BLINDING LIGHT!! CINEMA 36 POWELL STREET (BETWEEN COLUMBIA AND CARRALL) INFO: 604 878 3366

poster design by HUMAN FIVE

REAL TO REAL alt. 12:30-

100PM Movie reviews and criticism.

BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

CPR 2:00-3:30PM

Buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump...

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES

alt. 3:30-4:30PM

ELECTRIC AVENUES alt. 3:30-4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. Music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN

4:30-5:00PM

10:00 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Forty spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-

8:00PM Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. <http://flexyourhead.vancouver.barcad.com/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-

10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN

alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

SOULONIC WANDERLUST

alt.10:00PM-12:00AM

Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambientsoul-jazz-fusion and beyond! From the bedroom to Bombay via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality remixed. Smile. <sswanderlust@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-

6:00AM It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-**

7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix

of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@hotmail.com>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-

10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE ANTIDOTE 10:00AM-

11:30PM

ANKEZE 11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Neal irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-

3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY alt. 3:00-

5:00PM Cycloerific rowk and roll!

RUMBLETONE RADIO alt.

3:00PM-5:00PM Primitive, fuzzed out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. www.neces33forvoices.org

FILL-IN 6:30-7:00PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt.

7:30-9:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-

9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, and other noise.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, altcountry and more. Not a mirage!

<folkoasis@canada.com>

STRAIGHT OUTTA JAILLUND

10:30PM-12:00AM

Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungrol "Chokk de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-**

8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVERTON 10:00-

11:30AM Music inspired by

Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkship.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-

1:00PM

YUKON HO alt. 11:30AM-

1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-

2:00PM Crashing the boy's

club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow (punk and hard-core).

THE ONOMATOPEIA SHOW

2:00-3:00PM Comic comic

comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-

5:00PM <rhymesandreasons@comcast.net>

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt.

5:00-6:00PM Viva la

Velouria! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! www.sustainablecity.com/dinos/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30-9:00PM The best in roots

rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olsen. <rip-it-up55@aol.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD

RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM

Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11. <http://www.stepanddaball.com/birdhell>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-

1:00AM An old punk rock heart

considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

WIRELESS CRUELTY 1:00AM-

6:00AM

FRIDAYS**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-**

8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-

10:00AM Trawling the trash

heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IC DRIVE!

10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to <djska_f@hotmail.com>.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

12:00-2:00PM Top notch

crate diggers DJ Avi Shock and

Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

2:00-3:30PM The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN

SERVIENTE PRESENTS... 3:30-

5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-

6:00PM A volunteer produced,

student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you.

"Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt.

6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-

9:00PM David "Love" Jones

brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBOSS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some oldie, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR

HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW

2:00-4:00AM

SATURDAY**THE VAMPIRE'S BALL 4:00-**

8:00AM Dark, sinister music

of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Droke.

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00AM-12:00PM Studio

guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM: African/World roots.

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performance.

GENERATION ANNULIHILATION 12:00-1:00PM

Tune in for a full hour of old and new punk and Oi mayhem!

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show! local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dmain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-

6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00-9:00PM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host

Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 9:00-

11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 11:00PM-

1:00AM Loops, layers, and

oddities. Naked phone stat. Resident haicritic with guest DJs and performers.

<http://plutonia.org>

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

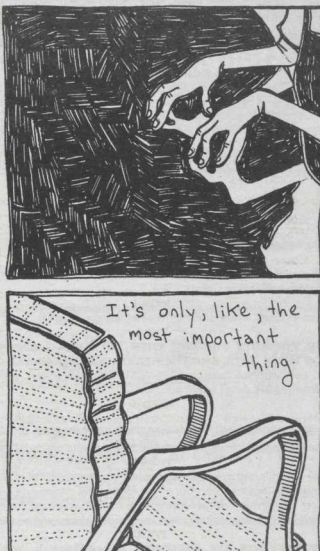
"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/dread da source full force with needz da wox/my choos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

—Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B. *

Kick around november 2002
S.Malin J.Hilder.



datebook

what's happening in november



SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE JANCEMBER ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS DECEMBER 2. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1

Shelley Adler@State Gallery (1564 W. 6th, exhibit ends Nov. 9); Hildgard Westerkamp CD release@Western Front; Blindfold@Langley Civic Centre; Lester's Wagon, Bush League, Lauren Klein Band@Brickyard; Andy Stochansky, Emm Gryner, Luce@Richard's; Shoofly@Silverstone; Badly Drawn Boy@Vogue; Blue Rodeo, Sadies@Commodore; Jefftowne@Blinding Light!!; Heather Griffin@The Main

SAT 2

Blue Rodeo, Sadies@Commodore; Floyd Favel-Starr@Native Education Centre (285 E. 5th); Echophone, Good Night Irene, Hunter Gracchus@Brickyard; Tegan and Sara@Richard's; Jefftowne@Blinding Light!!; Blackfeather, Rob Wilks@The Main

SUN 3

BBKing, Justin King@Orpheum; Hoobastank, Greenwheel@Richard's; Jefftowne@Blinding Light!!

MON 4

Filter, Exies@Commodore; Jefftowne@Blinding Light!!

TUE 5

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG! WITH COLLAPSING OPPOSITES, KIDS THESE DAYS, AND THE HEARTACHE@RAILWAY CLUB; Ben Lee, Vanessa Carlton@Vogue; STREETS@Snacker's (Surrey); Jefftowne@Blinding Light!!

WED 6

NoMeansNo, New Town Animals, Moneyshot@Richard's; Scene Creamers, Red Light Sting, The Accident@Pic Pub; Neko Case@Commodore; Jefftowne@Blinding Light!!; Origins@The Main

THUR 7

Low, Pan American@Richard's; Remy Shand, Dayna Manning@Commodore; Guns 'n' Roses, Mix Master Mike@GM Place; Vicente Amigo@Vogue; Dieselboy@Sonar; Prison Celluloid@Blinding Light!!; Clay George, Any Honey@The Main

CITR PRESENTS RYE COALITION, FEDERATION X, WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM@PIC PUB; Lazarazu@Anza Club; Blue Rodeo@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; John Zorn's Electric Masada@Vogue; The Spirit Wrestler@Blinding Light!!; Eugene Rippert@The Main

SAT 9

Bowling for Victory: COPE Fundraiser@Commodore Lanes; Engine Down, Hot Hot Heat, Disemberment Plan@Commodore; Diamanda Galas@Vogue; Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story@Blinding Light!!; Blind God@The Main

SUN 10

George Clinton and Parliament/Funkadelic@Commodore; New Town Animals, Wednesday Night Heroes, The Riffs@Brickyard; Jackie and the Cedrics, Go Devils, The Satisfaction, Ramblin' Ambassadors, The Radio@Shenanigans (1225 Robson); Fata Morgana w/ Eye of Newt@Blinding Light!!

TUE 12

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG! WITH HUMAN HI-LITE REEL, MY PROJECT: BLUE, AND IN MEDIAS RES@RAILWAY CLUB; Blue States@Richard's; ICTV@Blinding Light!!; comb Brent Sopol's hair; Ev'rybody Wants to Be a Cat@The Main

WED 13

Julio Iglesias@Orpheum; Painters Painting@Blinding Light!!; Joel Gibb (Hidden Cameras)@The Main

THUR 14

Black Heart Procession, Jerk With a Bomb, Pleaseeasaur@Richard's; Kid Koala@Sonar; Mr. Otto Biografitti@Blinding Light!!; Robyn Carrigan, Heather Griffin@The Main

FRI 15

Paul Pimley, Mei Han, Ellery Eskelin, Akikazu Nakamura, Jason Robinson, Robin Fox and Anthony Pateras@Planetarium; The Anniversary, Burning Brides, Pris@Pic Pub; Mediaeval Baebes, Cirque Vampyre@Croatian Cultural Centre; STREETS, Burnside Brawlers@Cobalt; Radiohead vs. Matrix@Blinding Light!!; Coal, El Dorado@Sugar Refinery; Aaron Booth, Dave Gowans@The Main

SAT 16

Paul Pimley, Mei Han, Ellery Eskelin, Mia Zabelka and Le Quan Ninh@Planetarium; In Medias Res, The Feminists, Second, Pnuma, Me@Basement 62 (62 E. Cordova); Kim Mitchell@Commodore; Destroyer@Crocodile (Strides); Suffering and the Hideous Thieves, Blood Meridian@Blinding Light!!; Carolyn Mark@The Main

SUN 17

Destroyer, Frog Eyes@Thursdays (the Victoria); The New Deal@Richard's; braid Brent Sopol's hair

MON 18

Del the Funky Homosapien, Lifesavas, Motion Man, People Under The Stars@Commodore; The Warlocks@Richard's; Legendary

Pink Dots, Origami Galaktika@Graceland (Seattle); Shifting Light: Films by David Rimmer@Blinding Light!!

TUE 19

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG! WITH THE FEMINISTS, BLACK RICE, AND SUBCONSCIOUS SATELLITE@RAILWAY CLUB; Add N to X, Soviet, Cobra High@Richard's; Beth Orton@Commodore; BYO@Blinding Light!!; stroke Brent Sopol's hair

WED 20

Stephen Fearing@Cap College; Alcatraz is Not an Island@Blinding Light!!; campaign for a Brent Sopol bobblehead

THUR 21

John Prine, Todd Snider@Orpheum; Captured by Robots@Pic Pub; VUFF@Blinding Light!!; The Circus in Flames Trio@The Main

FRI 22

Mad Bomber Society, Dance Craze@Royal; David Wilcox, Barney Bentall@Commodore; VUFF@Blinding Light!!; The Colorifics@The Main

SAT 23

SK Robot@Anza Club; New Town Animals, Knucklehead@Brickyard; VUFF@Blinding Light!!; Late Tuesday, Conrad@The Main

SUN 24

Joe Satriani, Ned Evett@Commodore; Cato Salsa Experience, The Soundtrack of Our Lives@Richard's; VUFF@Blinding Light!!

TUE 26

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG! WITH THE STUNTS AND TBA@RAILWAY CLUB; Walking Wounded: Films of Lech Kowalski@Blinding Light!!

WED 27

DJ UFO, Kuma, Mechwarrior@The Drink; Sigur Ros@Vogue; Thievery Corporation@Commodore

THUR 28

Brundiefly, Hinterland, Anabret@Purple Onion; Afro Canadian All Stars@The Centre; cut my hair like Brent Sopol's; Antoine Baby Harry Calaway@The Main

FRI 29

Tom Land and the Paperboys, Ivonne Hernandez@WISE Hall; Richard Buckner@Sunset Tavern (Seattle); Daisy Duke, Ann Louise Genest@The Main

SAT 30

Jim Brickman@Vogue; Brent Sopol's hair gets tangled with Ricci's hair in a scrap; Kris Demeanor, Chantal Vitalis, Matt Allen@The Main

SUN DECEMBER 1

Beck, Flaming Lips@Queen Elizabeth Theatre

MON 2

Rocket From the Crypt@Commodore

TUE 3

CITR PRESENTS SHINDIG!@RAILWAY CLUB; Nelly, The Clipse@GM Place; The Blue Pony Videos of King Anderson@Blinding Light!!

WED 4

Film 1999@Blinding Light!!

THUR 5

Strange Grey Day This@Blinding Light!!

special events

CITR PRESENTS:

RYE COALITION, FEDERATION X, WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8

PIC PUB

If you want to get kicked in the face by accident, you should go to this show.

JOHN ZORN'S ELECTRIC MASADA

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8

VOGUE THEATRE

If you want to piss all over yourself by accident, you should go to this show.

DIAMANDA GALAS

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9

VOGUE THEATRE

We at DISCORDER are so frightened by Diamanda Galas that we can't even talk about it. We're just going to go and cover our eyes.

KIM MITCHELL

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16

COMMODORE

What the fuck?

SHINDIG!

TUESDAY NIGHTS!

RAILWAY CLUB!

places to be

bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734	pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
beatstreet records	3-712 robson	604.683.3344	railway club	579 dunsmuir	604.681.1625
black swan records	3209 west broadway	604.734.2828	richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
blinding light!!	36 powell	604.878.3366	ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959	red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
club 23	23 west cordova			1029 granville	
cobalt	917 main	604.685.2825	scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550	scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
crossdown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774	sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
futurestic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766	sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964	teenage rampage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
lotus hotel	455 abbott		vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsmuir	604.665.3050
the main cafe	4210 main	604.709.8555	video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
mesa luna	1926 w. broadway		western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender		WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
orpheum theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050	yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
pacific cinemathèque	131 howe	604.688.8202	zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232
pat's pub	403 east hastings	604.255.4301			

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APR002 Coming Soon : Vernell de Long 'People Get Up Ep'

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"Entirely admirable - brilliant!" *NME*

"Insane genius" *KERRANG!*

"Intense and exhilarating" *UNCUT*

"This could kick start everything." *ORGAN*

Debut record out 11.12.02 on Epitaph

ikaracolts.com
epitaph.com

COLD NOVEMBER OUTSIDE, Warm Zulu Inside. Stack these new logs on the hearth!

LOSCIL Submers CD

Calling Vancouver home, **Scott Morgan's** smooth electronic music is always tasteful and subtle, an exercise in cool and intelligent restraint. **Triple Point**, his debut for **Kranky records**, was played at Zulu a lot, its low tones, steady pulse and crackly textures drifting nicely around the store. We've even had **Morgan** in for a mesmerizing in-store performance, as well as in lap-top dynamics. **Submers**, his second recording, is a concept record, each song dedicated to a different submarine, the final track a requiem for the truly terrifying yet darkly poetic sinking of the Kursk. As the fine people at **Kranky** describe it, **'Submers'** is an album that easily merges ambient, contemporary classical music and minimal techno in defiance of the current mania for micro-genres." Indeed. And we must add, "Highly recommended," too.

CD 16.98

PAVEMENT Slanted and Enchanted Luxe and Reduxe 2CD Re-issue

Nothing sums up the '90s pop underground quite like **Slanted and Enchanted**. Basement suites and university dorms everywhere were filled with the slack, self-reflexive and smart (maybe too smart for some) music of **Steve Malkmus**, **Spiral Stairs** and the rest of the boys. Yes, this record changed the field, spawning many, many imitators, but none as inspired as the lackadaisical original. At a time when notions of "the canon" and "great works" were assiduously called into question, **Pavement** went ahead and produced an era-defining album anyway. Ah, those were the days. Now re-released as a deluxe, embossed 2CD set (with bonus tracks, **Peel Sessions**, **The Watery Domestic** EP, a live recording and more), **Slanted and Enchanted** reaffirms its much-celebrated status in the recent history of pop star music. Probably see you in ten years for the box set – and we don't mean that ironically.

2CD Re-issue \$22.98

SMOG Accumulation: None CD

Talk about your mixed signals. **Smog** has long employed the emotionally challenging mind-fuck as an aesthetic device, not only in the content of his moody, moody songs but also in the very practice of producing records. Each **Smog** release is a mixed blessing, both great and terrible. We're thrilled to get knocked down and kicked in the guts by **Smog's** grim and dark sensibility. Even when he seems happy he's so damn black. Of course, however, we love and savor every last sadomasochistic minute of it, always ready for more. Oh, make it bad, **Smog**, real bad. **Accumulation: None** is from 1991 to now, including one new track, the stirring "White Ribbon". Ah, sublime. AVAILABLE NOV 5TH

CD 16.98

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT
UNTIL NOVEMBER 30, 2002

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT Live From Camp X-Ray CD/LP

Someone call their management! These guys have been playing the circuit so long they should get a residency at a classic Las Vegas hotel like the Flamingo. Have you seen them live? The uniforms, the big band, the giant snakes, the stage presence – they'd feel right at home. Here's the basic equation: experience + skill + a tight as fuck band + Americana = **RTFC** hard rock action all night long! Las Vegas? Hell yeah. Seriously. They play the crowd like putty. They ask for a call out, we call out. They want to see our hands in the air, we put them up. It's as easy as that. More undeniable proof comes in the form of **Live From Camp X-Ray**, their latest full length. Okay sure, it's a studio album. But it's all there, man, every last guitar squeal and rocking refrain. Sweet.

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR YANQUI U.X.O. CD/2LP

Transmission received from **Godspeed HQ**, dispersed and noisy: "u.x.o. is unexplored orance is landmines is cluster bombs... yanqui is post-colonial imperial-ism is international police state is multinational corporate oligarchy... **godspeed you black emperor** is complicit is guilty is resisting... the new album is just music... recorded by **steve albini** at electrical audio in chicago... mixed by **howard bilerman** and **god-speed you black emperor** at the hotel2tango in montreal... available on single compact disc and double photograph record... stubborn tiny clues to lingering darkness forever ok?" Transmission over, decoded: redouble the efforts, storm the barricades, and change the world one living room at a time. Massive new ambient instrumental rock from this progressive-minded collective. Heralding times to come? OUT NOV. 11TH

CD 12.98 2LP 16.98

THE DONNAS Spend The Night CD/LP

Now on a major label, **The Donnas** seem right at home. Glossy and bright production really brings out the truth of their style, like all those high '90s rock records rolled up into one, a cool hybrid of the **Runaways** in **Kiss** make up. Full of pick-along choruses, thick power riffs, awesome leads, slick slides and a little cowbell to take it to the next level, **Spend The Night** is the real deal. With driving tunes like "You Wanna Get Me High", "Take It Off", "I Don't Care (So There)" and "Too Bad About Your Girl", this album should blow the roof off your act: night house party. Buy your neighbors, buy **The Donnas**. (For a limited time, **Spend The Night** comes with a cool DVD with a band interview, a video and more).

CD 16.98 LP 14.98

MR. SCRUFF Trouser Jazz CD/LP

Nice n' groovy new recording from this always welcome, regular Vancouver visitor, **Andy Carthy**, also known as the lovable **Mr. Scruff**, knows his stuff. Heavy on the '70s funky-jazz soul, with some quirky keys hopping here and there, **Trouser Jazz** is classic Ninja Tune material: a playful, entertaining romp; some honest, right-on party music. Like his appealing, childlike graphic art, **Mr. Scruff's** music is completely and straightforwardly light-hearted and good. In short, **Mr. Scruff** wants you to get down and enjoy yourself, something his famous DJ sets are, well, famous for. So lighten up, Vancouver. SEE PAGE 4 OF THIS ISSUE FOR MORE NINJA TUNE SPECIALS THIS MONTH AT ZULU.

CD/LP 16.98

CATHERINE IRWIN Cut Yourself A Switch CD

With her stirring Appalachian timbre, **Freakwater's Catherine Irwin** has always

been much more of a traditionalist than most of the alt-country scene. With **The Carter Family**, **Hazel Dickens** and **Roscoe Holcomb** in the background, **Cut Yourself A Switch**, Irwin's first solo album, draws on this rich history to produce some awfully mournful, stripped bare country downers (but with a few lights on the horizon, too). With excellent playing and great production, this recording is mighty fine country music. While you're at it, make sure to check out our newly developed **Rock** Section, bringing together traditional folk and country with the newest wave of alt-country music.

CD 19.98

BADLY DRAWN BOY

Have You Fed The Fish? CD/LP

No sophomore slump for this tongue wearing singer-songwriter and former Mercury Prize winner (and we certainly don't mean to under-appreciate the quality soundtrack music he did for **About a Boy**, which was great as well, but not exactly an "album" album, if you follow our distinction). Both poignant and irreverent, **Have You Fed The Fish?** shows a maturing **Badly Drawn Boy** (or **Damon Gough**, to his family), honing his craft and lyrical depth, culminating with the first single, "You Were Right." Not a moment too soon! AVAILABLE NOV. 5TH

CD/LP 16.98



LITTERBUG Pablo CD

The relative isolation of Canada's prairies can inspire bursts of idiosyncratic creativity in some. Take **Litterbug**, for example. They handily prove that the frosty great white north can be a hotbed of creative sublimation. With lots of different instrumentation (including clarinet, trombone, violin, and glockenspiel), **Litterbug** brings together elements from the **Feelies**, **Danielsen Family**, **Yo La Tengo** or **Neutral Milk Hotel** to create an enjoyably wide-ranging and sometimes off-kilter pop album. This one's for those of you who long for the heyday of the late-'80s indie boom as much as those who enjoy the somewhat weirder indie rock of today. Some dancing required.

CD 14.98

SIGUR RÓS (1) CD

The long awaited new capital "C" Concept Record from these mysterious islanders. With a cryptic symbol for a title, (1) is a thoughtful follow up to the atmospheric and beautiful **Ágætis byrjun**. Often subdued and understated, the eight long untitled tracks on (1) – each track guided by one central, repeated musical idea, such as a piano figure or spooky guitar line – form a 71-minute progressive rock masterpiece. Like the absent album title, untitled tracks and blank-page CD booklet, the possible meaning of the lyrical content – now sung entirely in **Sigur Rós'** imaginary language, **Hopelandic** – is also up to the individual listener. Yet, for all its 'absences,' (1) is heavy with powerful emotional content, invoking a truly moving journey in sound.

CD 18.98

YEAH YEAH YEAH Machine CDEP/10"

Have you heard of them yet? Sure you have. They're a dirty rocking three piece from New York City, fronted by the commanding, fashion-forward **Karen O** (chutpa-wise, fast in the footsteps of punk icon and other famous "O", **Wendy O. Williams**, we wonder?). They recently opened for **Jon Spencer**, and from all reports taught the old man a thing or two about rock and roll. This second EP is the lead-in for their anticipated, soon-to-be-released full length (check this space for it, too). More of the screaming bump and grind that they do so well. How much noise can three people make on voice, guitar and drums? Check it out, man.

CDEP/10" 8.98

MORE FALLING LEAVES

ADD N TO X- Loud Like Nature CD/2LP
CABARET VOLTAIRE- Nag Nag Nag CDEP
CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS- Model 91 LP/CD
DEADBEAT- Wild Life Documentaries CD
DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE- You Can Play These Songs With Chords CD
HANGED UP-Kicker In Tow LP/CD
RICHE HAWTIN' & SVEN VÄTH- The Sound of the Third Season CD
I AM SPOONBENDER- Shown Actual Size CDEP
RONI SIZE- Touching Down CD
SUICIDE- American Supreme CD
ANDREAS TILLIANDER- Eit CD
KEITH FULLERTON WHITMAN- Playthroughs CD
VARIOUS- Clicks & Cuts 3 2CD
VARIOUS- Digital Disco CD
VARIOUS- Trash Companion #1 CD



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Mon to Wed 10:30-7:00
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Sat 9:30-6:30
Sun 12:00-6:00

IN THE AFTERNOON EVENTS: Sunday November 3rd at 4:00 PM

The Carrie Walker Art Opening: "Two primates, three varmints and some ducks."